

FILE DESCRIPTION

PHILADELPHIA FILE

SUBJECT HARRY GOLD

FILE NO. 65-4307

VOLUME NO. 1B 19

SERIALS 1

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## NOTICE

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File No: 65-4307Re: HARRY GOLDDate: 5/78  
(month/year)

Serial	Date	Description (Type of communication, to, from)	No. of Pages		Exemptions used or, to whom referred (Identify statute if (b)(3) cited)
			Actual	Released	
19	2/26/54	BULKY EXHIBIT - INVENTORY OF PROPERTY ACQUIRED AS EVIDENCE	1	1	
EXHIBIT					
ENCLOSURE #1	12/3/50	MONEY ACCOUNTING OF MY ESPIONAGE WORK	13	13	ORIGINAL WAS OF POOR QUALITY CAUSING A POOR REPRODUCTION
EXHIBIT		STATEMENT "DELIVERED TO ME BY HARRY GOLD ON THE DAY OF HIS ARRAIGNMENT 7/20/55" SIGNED JOHN HAMILTON	28	28	DITTO
ENCLOSURE #2	7/20/50				
EXHIBIT					
ENCLOSURE #3	6/15/50	CHRONOLOGY OF WORK FOR SOVIET UNION	11	11	DITTO
EXHIBIT		THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING			
ENCLOSURE #4	10/11/50	MY WORK AS A SOVIET AGENT A REPORT DELIVERED TO ME BY HARRY GOLD 10/19/50 SIGNED JOHN HAMILTON	112	112	DITTO

**BULKY EXHIBIT - INVENTORY OF PROPERTY ACQUIRED AS EVIDENCE**

Bufile: **65-37449**

Philadelphia

Field Division

2/26/54

Date

Title and Character of Case:

*Retained 6/27/61 aa*

**HARRY GOLD**

**RSP - R**

Date Property Acquired:

**2/24/54**

Source From Which Property Acquired:

**John D. M. Hamilton Attorney for Subject.**

Location of Property or Bulky Exhibit:

**Bulky Exhibit Room**

Reason for Retention of Property and Efforts Made to Dispose of Same: **For Future information on Gold's activities**

Description of Property or Exhibit and Identity of Agent Submitting Same:

**Submitted by SA Silverthorn**

**Photostatic copy of documents entitled.**

1. "Money accounting of my Espionage Work" 12/3/50
2. "statement" dated 7/20/50.
3. "Chronology of work for Soviet Union" 6/15/50.
4. The circumstances surrounding my work as a Soviet Agent - A Report 10/11/50.

Field File #: **65-4307-1-B-19**

*Retain 11/10/58 CS*  
*Retain 11/10/58 CS*  
*Retain 5/3/67 CS*  
**65-4307-1-B-19**  
SEARCHED INDEXED  
SERIALIZED  
**FEB 26 1954**  
F.L.  
*Retain 2/15/68 CS*  
*ESH*

Account of my Exomaga work

Exomaga

March 31 1950



The report of the meeting was submitted to the  
Board of Directors, which has decided that the  
meeting should be held on the 15th of the month.

1. The meeting should be held on the 15th of the month.

2. The meeting should be held on the 15th of the month.

3. The meeting should be held on the 15th of the month.

4. The meeting should be held on the 15th of the month.

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14. The meeting should be held on the 15th of the month.

15. The meeting should be held on the 15th of the month.





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15 to New York - 15.00

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New York - 15.00

1942

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2.00 to New York - 2.00

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New York - 2.00

1943

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3.00 to New York - 3.00

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1944

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2.00 to New York - 2.00

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New York - 2.00

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1945

1.00 to New York - 1.00

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New York - 1.00





2-1-1941

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# THE FIFTY THREE PERCENT CHALLENGE

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Statement

Delivered to me by  
Harry Gold on the day of  
his arraignment - July 20, 195

*[Signature]*



Interview with Agents T. L. Miller  
and Richard E. Sullivan of the F.B.I.

Day	Date	Time	Hour
		A.M.	P.M.
Mon	May 22	11	10
Tue	May 23	10	7
Wed	May 24	11	14
Thurs	May 25	12	4
Fri	May 26	12	4
Sat	May 27	11	3
Sun	May 28	12	3
Mon	May 29	11	3
Tue	May 30	11	3
Wed	May 31	11	3
Thurs	June 1	11	3
Fri	June 2	11	3
Sat	June 3	11	3
Sun	June 4	11	3
Mon	June 5	11	3
Tue	June 6	11	3
Wed	June 7	11	3
Thurs	June 8	11	3
Fri	June 9	11	3
Sat	June 10	11	3
Sun	June 11	11	3
Mon	June 12	11	3
Tue	June 13	11	3
Wed	June 14	11	3
Thurs	June 15	11	3
Fri	June 16	11	3
Sat	June 17	11	3
Sun	June 18	11	3
Mon	June 19	11	3
Tue	June 20	11	3
Wed	June 21	11	3
Thurs	June 22	11	3
Fri	June 23	11	3

# Training of FBI (continued)

Day	Date	Time		Notes
		A.M.	P.M.	
Mon	July 1	12-1	1-2	
Tue	July 2	12-1	1-2	
Wed	July 3	12-1	1-2	
Thu	July 4	12-1	1-2	
Fri	July 5	12-1	1-2	
Sat	July 6	12-1	1-2	
Sun	July 7	12-1	1-2	
Mon	July 8	12-1	1-2	
Tue	July 9	12-1	1-2	
Wed	July 10	12-1	1-2	
Thu	July 11	12-1	1-2	
Fri	July 12	12-1	1-2	
Sat	July 13	12-1	1-2	
Sun	July 14	12-1	1-2	
Mon	July 15	12-1	1-2	
Tue	July 16	12-1	1-2	
Wed	July 17	12-1	1-2	
Thu	July 18	12-1	1-2	
Fri	July 19	12-1	1-2	

162



[illegible]











The first of these is the fact that the  
 of having a good, strong, and  
 healthy mind is a necessary condition  
 for the attainment of a high degree of  
 physical fitness. The second is the fact  
 that the mind is a powerful factor in  
 the development of the body.

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal communication, and it is written in a very formal and dignified style. The President expresses his regret that he cannot deliver the message in person, and he asks the Congress to excuse his absence. He then proceeds to discuss the state of the Union, and he mentions the recent election of Abraham Lincoln as President. He also mentions the secession of the Southern States, and he expresses his hope that the Union will remain united.

2. The second part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal communication, and it is written in a very formal and dignified style. The Secretary expresses his regret that he cannot deliver the message in person, and he asks the Congress to excuse his absence. He then proceeds to discuss the state of the Union, and he mentions the recent election of Abraham Lincoln as President. He also mentions the secession of the Southern States, and he expresses his hope that the Union will remain united.

3. The third part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal communication, and it is written in a very formal and dignified style. The Secretary expresses his regret that he cannot deliver the message in person, and he asks the Congress to excuse his absence. He then proceeds to discuss the state of the Union, and he mentions the recent election of Abraham Lincoln as President. He also mentions the secession of the Southern States, and he expresses his hope that the Union will remain united.

4. The fourth part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal communication, and it is written in a very formal and dignified style. The Secretary expresses his regret that he cannot deliver the message in person, and he asks the Congress to excuse his absence. He then proceeds to discuss the state of the Union, and he mentions the recent election of Abraham Lincoln as President. He also mentions the secession of the Southern States, and he expresses his hope that the Union will remain united.

5. The fifth part of the document is a letter from the Secretary of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a formal communication, and it is written in a very formal and dignified style. The Secretary expresses his regret that he cannot deliver the message in person, and he asks the Congress to excuse his absence. He then proceeds to discuss the state of the Union, and he mentions the recent election of Abraham Lincoln as President. He also mentions the secession of the Southern States, and he expresses his hope that the Union will remain united.

[illegible][illegible]

which I received from a local  
woman, whom I had identified,  
and who worked at the DWP (and  
later in West Virginia) was an  
excellent form and also a  
letterhead and with a check  
supplied to me from September  
1941 to August 1942.

The information on the membership of  
the highly interested and well  
informed woman was not that it was  
more accurate, but that all  
of the experienced and local work  
of other staff of the same nature  
was not as good as the one I was  
given. I had to do this last (and the  
first) work (for) and obtained  
a small check which was the  
only one I had at the time.  
I was paid for the period from  
September 1943 to April 1944  
and in the month of 1944, which was  
extra paid to Oak Ridge, Tennessee  
and for the period of my work  
in the period of that time, I had  
a further check.

From December 1940 to August  
1942, which was paid about  
\$200 a month and was  
a small deposit approximately  
each month.

In the January and February of 1941, I  
went by train to see the original  
engineer and the others. The purpose  
of the visit — and I was very  
interested and about them — was  
to attend to find them the future.





now commonly accepted and, I think, really, almost universal.

most of the information on the  
Magnevac, provided or the several dis-  
pense fires were turned over to them.  
There were two reasons for this: one,  
that it was incomplete and frag-  
mentary; and, two, I am opposed  
anything but that which was already  
in accepted operation in the United  
States. To quote, I put in his own  
(Mortimer's) work, and I put on it  
all through my long relationship  
with the Service, that was the whole  
reason and reason for a decision  
of that kind. I still and ability. This  
should have been the tip-off to me  
later, I was told that they much  
preferred, and I am sure that  
the hearing should be held. I was told  
that they were in operation, and  
which was supplemented — or  
although the latter should be a great  
improvement. Again, this should  
have been a tip-off.

4. In December, 1942, I was called to the  
British Consulate in Tokyo - one of our  
patent attorneys had been arrested there,  
and was being held before a military  
court on a charge of espionage. He had  
been discovered by the Japanese  
and still wanted to be released to do his  
work. This I met Klaus Fuchs, of the  
British High Commission, of our  
embassy in Tokyo, and an  
American, from the State Dept., and they



in Santa Fe, New Mexico. This trip  
was made due to my direct  
superior, and it was in 1944, and  
man whom I knew as John, and  
whom I had since identified as  
Anatole A. Yakovlev, an employee of  
the Soviet Consulate in New York.

5. In late May of 1945, I met with John  
in New Mexico following my  
first trip to Santa Fe. And, partly as  
an extra added attraction, I am not  
speaking fictionally, but in deadly  
earnest — I was asked to pick up  
information on atomic energy from  
a man in Albuquerque, New Mexico.  
This man I had since identified as  
David Greenglass. I did so and, on  
instructions from John, gave him  
about \$50 — Greenglass's wife to  
stay in Albuquerque. I did not  
know Greenglass at that time, but I did carry out  
the mission.

6. Up until the time I met John, I did  
not fully intend to accept money for  
my services in connection with this trip.  
But at that time, the fact that I was  
being paid was particularly as I was  
having difficulty in explaining  
to my family the continued need for  
services which an unemployed  
man would do. I did receive, on two  
occasions, amounts of \$3.00 and \$4.00.  
There were also about four occasions  
when I needed smaller amounts  
of about \$4.00 or \$5.00 each.

[illegible]

The picture thus showed an individual  
 the direction of the deadly weapon and  
 was supposed to be all the gunning. This  
 was being laid in a series of drops and  
 in deep shade and humidity, there was  
 a dark, trained man, capable of  
 taking present for language and will to  
 a whole scientific state — also, and  
 who could not be a student for pleasure



[illegible]





the subject of the espionage, such a state of mind was a distinct asset, and it was only something relating to it, pushed in the background and I was a hard-working chemist, and for again my own back mind helped in putting all thoughts pertaining to this thing back. To a considerable extent, my brain drove to do as good a job as possible, my work in chemistry aided in that direction, and I did not become involved with other people, except doing additional things in whatever way I could. For actually, my principal work in the field of chemistry has not been in some great original discovery, but that by sheer weight of the effort I have managed to accomplish many things, the really successful side of my work, and this especially in the chemical research section, particularly so of all things that have been attended by failure, also, this working hard, plus the fact that I spent an extraordinary amount of time, as well as a great deal of money, in the field of research, and exhaustion, pushed me to the point of being almost completely exhausted, and I have been about as much as I can get myself to do.

The pushing of all this, then, into the background, is substantiated by the following facts: during the time, when investigating agents have found a large mass of confidential data, containing practically everything that I would believe I have turned up, that the investigating agents have uncovered and that I have had a letter from them, saying

[illegible]

From my own early childhood the idea of the great evil of slavery has been in my mind. I have known the colored people only one time, and that on the farm where I was treated as a slave. I have since I left the farm, particularly during the war, been in contact with colored people, and the place would eventually pass - even as the world finally got up the idea of the separation of the family, with the mother working in a factory and the child being reared in an institution. But the end of the late conflict, this position has only been intensified.

Secondly, I could never remain loyal to the movement, military or political, of small states such as Finland.

Thirdly, the harshly farcical trials and confessions in Russia and in the countries under this domination prevented any but the most blindly fanatical followers of Stalinism.

In the fourth place, the obstructive  
obstruction tactics of the Soviet Union and  
its satellite nations in the U.N. and doing  
a terrible job of completely wrecking this  
organization, and which hope for peace  
on the earth ended.

Finally, I could never swallow the top black and the white concepts of the darts.



بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم  
الحمد لله الذي هدانا لهذا  
الذي كنا لنهتدي لہ

As a corollary to the subject of Darwin, I want to mention the matter of drug resistance in the malaria parasite. And also, as I have mentioned in thinking that my lack of faith in the malaria parasite manifested itself, back in 1955, among things that I saw in the country, that through the past fifteen years very much has been accomplished in dealing with it — and the patient is much the better for this. The malaria parasite, for all that (or incidentally) and recently, all that was needed was the substitution of certain chemical changes in regions where are sites for many of the changes.

[illegible]

and, accordingly, in 1933, many other  
important corporations have been achieved by  
the public and, as a result, the amount of the  
publicly owned stock of 60,000,000 shares was  
now more than an adequacy, being in fact  
61,600,000 at the last count, and the total  
amount paid by corporations and business  
men in 1933, reached an all-time high in  
front of this place. Further, a number of  
important enterprises have been established, and





I am decidedly in favor of Paul being  
 strongly about this.  
 Our committee of the association  
 doubts and I am, I continued in my  
 thinking and thinking path involving  
 information for the situation in which  
 Paul is, this was due to the fact that  
 this whole matter had become a sort of  
 life and death and I am a creature of  
 habit. Please do not laugh. The whole  
 business of the program, preparing for  
 a meeting, the travel and raising the  
 money for this, making plans for  
 going away from home and an un-  
 planned program, meeting with people  
 such as Paul (Smith), Sam (Smith),  
 (Smith), John (Graham), Kingsley,  
 Black, Douglas, or something — all  
 this had become deeply ingrained in me.  
 Further, there were several people for the  
 first part and I found pleasant in the  
 company. In fact particularly, as you  
 observed in my statement, I made  
 a friend — and this holds for  
 Black too, and Paul and Sam were ex-  
 ceedingly cultured individuals, curiously  
 enough still but two admitted much that  
 was American — including our words  
 and authors such as James Fenimore Cooper  
 and Mark Twain. Even the shoddy and  
 the part of my life, waiting ap-  
 prehensively on street corners in Town where  
 I had no business to be, putting time in  
 cheap rooms, along dreary rides in buses  
 and daycoaches, and coming home  
 late at night. And I knew all the time  
 I was giving a normal life, a wife,  
 a family of my own, and living time





[illegible]





...with three ...  
...of the ...  
...up to date ...  
...of 1947 and ...  
...of the ...  
...I was really ...  
...I felt that I ...  
...on the ...  
...of ...  
...but ...  
...and ...  
...and ...  
...of ...  
...quite ...  
...addition, ...  
...worked ...  
...and ...  
...Further, ...  
...I was ...  
...and ...  
...I felt that ...  
...the ...  
...that ...  
...in all ...  
...and ...  
...on ...  
...at the ...  
...of English ...  
...was ...  
...the whole ...  
...and ...  
...a ...  
...I ...  
...I ...  
...and ...  
...and ...  
...and ...  
...of ...  
...of ...

a moderate degree in hereditary nature  
and was very full time.

But as Mr. Paul had said, he was  
depressed, had not worked for what  
with a man worth, that shall be  
also a small accident, the next  
specimen of a coincidence in evidence  
and indeed was first questioned on  
May 15 of this that the whole family  
would inevitably be included.

For a week, I sat there desperately for time  
hoping to accomplish two things:

1. To obtain a few more days in which  
my family could be happy without  
knowing my fate.

2. To obtain a few more days in which  
my family could be happy without  
knowing my fate.

On May 15, I was called to the hospital  
and was told that I was to be  
operated on Monday, May 15.

On May 16, I was called to the hospital  
and was told that I was to be  
operated on Tuesday, May 16.

On May 17, I was called to the hospital  
and was told that I was to be  
operated on Wednesday, May 17.

On May 18, I was called to the hospital  
and was told that I was to be  
operated on Thursday, May 18.

On May 19, I was called to the hospital  
and was told that I was to be  
operated on Friday, May 19.

On May 20, I was called to the hospital  
and was told that I was to be  
operated on Saturday, May 20.

On May 21, I was called to the hospital  
and was told that I was to be  
operated on Sunday, May 21.





...them, and I had almost  
...by the ...  
...Finally, as a ...  
...only ... for ...  
...after ...  
...last can be ...  
...of ...  
...and asked ...  
...and I have ...  
...I have ...  
...the following ...  
...the ...  
...single ...  
...from ...  
...of 1935 and ...  
...I have ...  
...for ...  
...and ...  
...that ...  
...has ...  
...to ...  
...shall ...  
...agents ...  
...as well as ...  
...and ...  
...which ...  
...of ...  
...concerning ...  
...and ...  
...this ...  
...and ...  
...will ...  
...of which ...  
...information ...  
...possible ...  
...though ...  
...and ...  
...to ...



to any other.

Through the kindness of the investigating agents, I was able to first break the news to my father and father and then spent some of the week of reading at an old newspaper. I was actually in voluntary custody on Monday and Tuesday, May 22 and 23, and up until my arrival was taken to the FBI agents in Philadelphia Building, where the order was through for the arrest, and I was arrested. I was arrested at home as was a woman, and I was arrested. For this kindness, I shall ever be grateful.

Finally, I have tried to behave with dignity as a man should, though I am not a man. I have fought for my rights and I have attempted to make no deal, and as a man I shall take my punishment. To the post, T.S. Lutz, in the Philadelphia area, has said:

For this is the way the world ends,  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang, but a whimper.  
I am grateful to the people I have met and to the friends I have made, and I hope that you will be able to help, make an effort.

Chronology of Work for Louis Union

1. name: Paul (Smith) - probably painted a picture of industrial espionage in United States.  
Time: November, 1935 to March, 1937.  
Information: Processes relating to the manufacture of various industrial solvents, used principally in formulating varnishes and lacquers. Examples: Diethyl oxide, Butyl alcohol, Butyl acetate, amyl acetate, Ethyl acetate. also process (experimental and impractical) for manufacture of absolute Ethyl alcohol.

Source: Files (Dr. Gustav T. Reich's) of Penna. Sugar Co. and Subsidiaries (Franco American Chem. Works and Penna. Alcohol Co.). I never actually visited Franco American - in Carlisle (near Rutherford), N.J.  
Sold's Function: obtained information, usually operating reports and blueprints, turned them over to Paul and, most often, the data was copied and I returned these to their proper place.

2. name: L. Terry (Schwartz) - ~~short of a man, 6'3", 220 lbs. carrying more than 40 lbs. of fat, quite hot, and very nervous.~~  
Time: Sept., 1936 to September, 1937.  
Information: Process for manufacture of Ethyl chloride (a local anesthetic), also cleanup of data on solvents. Some effort, not intensive, to obtain names of prospective recruits and of periodicals (through reputation there).  
Source: Penna. Sugar Co. and Subsidiaries.  
Recruits - made up names.  
Journals - Public Library.  
Sold's Function - obtained technical data from Penna. Sugar Co. files. Looked up journals in Public Library.



## Chronology (continued)

3. name: Fred - small, dark man with mustache, dictatorial manner.

Time: October, 1937 to August, 1938

and

November, 1938 to March, 1940.

Information: a. Details of experimental process (Dr. Peich's) for Recovery of Carbon Dioxide from Flue Gases - I was in charge of the work on this process and an article has been published by Dr. Peich regarding this.

b. False information on various prospective recruits - Daniel Kline (a real person), Joseph Shultz (imaginary), Herbert Epstein (imaginary). all a delaying action.

c. one effort to check telephone number of a person, C.B. possibly a Trotskyite, living in Philadelphia.

d. check on Ben Lindley in Dayton, Ohio - the occasion of Fred looking me up in Cincinnati.

Source: a. Carbon Dioxide Recovery Process - my own notes.

b. False information on recruits - invented by me to stall Fred until I could go to college and get my degree. I was then in love with Shirley Olsen and wanted to marry her.

c. Isolated event, done at request of Fred - the only purpose was to check whether the man with this name lived at this address.

d. Smily - I was threatened with exposure at Xavier University if I did not do as Fred requested, i.e., just keep an eye on Smily.

Gold's Function: a. Carbon Dioxide Process - turned over my own notes and recommendations.

b. a dreary attempt to ward off Fred re false recruits.

c. check on C.B. - an excuse for Fred in Phila.

d. Smily - I was a means of checking on Ben, also, this was a means of continuing a hold on me.

20-7-38  
Dry Ice  
Soda

(over)

I last saw Fred in the late winter of 1940 (say, early March). In late April of 1940 (possibly early in May), I went to New York (from Cincinnati) at Fred's request and met my fourth Soviet agent, a man of about 5'9", about 155 lbs, with sunken cheeks and a sallow complexion. He complained of gastric illness. He gave me \$100 to \$150, for final expenses at Xavier - I loaned a part to other students.

I met a man at Hotel New Yorker in late April, 1940. This person has been positively identified by me - and I am told that this identification has been verified.



## Chronology (continued)

4. name: Sam - since identified by me as  
 Lemuel Lemmon, an M.S.T. graduate and the  
 most American appearing of all the Russians.  
 Time: August, 1940 to February, 1944 -  
 one lapse from March 1941 to September,  
 1941.

Information: a - at Black; September, 1940 to  
 October, 1941:

Sensitizers

- (1) Data on Kodachrome, both film manu-  
 facture and developers. also use of  
 Kodachrome in aerial photography.

Nylon salt

- (2) Data on nylon - obtained by Black from  
 Howard Sothenauer at DuPont plant in  
 Belle, West Va. later, this information  
 was edited by Black and sold. 1941.

- (3) Data on protective recruits - Paul Starcke  
 and John Humphries, both working at  
 Charleston, West Va. plant of Carbide  
 and Carbon Chemicals Corp. Nothing  
 was ever done about this one. 1941 or 1942.

RDX

- (4) Data on highly nitrated explosive  
 from Holston Ordnance Works. 1943-1944.

b - Ben Smith - an effort to get him to cooper-  
 ate with me so as to obtain informa-  
 tion - unsuccessful. Time: February,  
 1941.

c - Abe Brothman; October 1941 to June, 1943.

Chemical  
 Buna-S

- (1) Data on design of mixing equipment -  
 essentially all Brothman's own design  
 obtained while Brothman worked for  
 the Hendrick Co.

- (2) Data on production of Buna-S, synthetic  
 rubber. The information was probably  
 given to the Hendrick Co. by either the  
 B. S. Rubber Co. or Standard Oil of N.

- (3) Data on manufacture of magnesium

## Chronology (continued)

more - (for the air) and aerosol spray and containers (for insects). Both of these were developed while Abe was a partner at Chemistry Design Corp; the aerosol spray composition, however, was a sort of agricultural idea. Neither of these projects were ever turned over to Sam as he did not want them, because of his contempt for any of Brothman's own work.

d - Klaus Fuchs - initial meeting with Klaus in February, 1944.

Source: a - Slack

Oct. 1941

- Gen. 1940 to Nov. 1942
- (1) Kodachrome - Eastman - Kodak, Rochester, N.Y.
  - (2) Nylon - DuPont, Mills, West Va. 1941 (Fall)
  - (3) Receipts - Charleston, West Va. 1941 or 1942
  - (4) Highly nitrated Explosive - Holston Ordnance Works, Kingsport, Tenn. - a part of Tennessee - Eastman.
- Time: Oct. 1943 to Oct. 1944.

b - Smilg - nothing accomplished. I was very reluctant about this business but was commanded by Sam. I probably did not go to Smilg's house in January, 1944 but told Sam I did so.

c - Brothman -

- (1) Mixing Equipment - Brothman's own design but used by Hendrick; Brothman's firm, Republic Chemical Machinery, was a part of Hendrick. Time, Fall of 1942.
- (2) Buna-S - information given to Hendrick by U.S. Rubber or Standard Oil of N.J. but the design work was Brothman's own. Time, March, 1942.
- (3) Magnesium Powder - Idea was Henry Solomon's, Abe's partner, a

Continuous Process



## Chronology (continued)

I do not know whether it was seen or used in the United States; it may have been intended for Australia.

- c. Aerosol dispensers - manufactured by a Mr. Heilig of the Regal Chemical Co. in Brooklyn. Al was supposed to show in the profits. The design of this particular dispenser (there were others) was Al's.

- d. Klaus Fuchs - I was told of this most important of all jobs by Sam. I was warned to think twice and three times before I ever made a move.

### Gold's Function:

- a. Black - courier
- b. Smily - effort to get him to work for Soviet Union so I could act as courier for aeronautical information
- c. Rothman - courier
- d. Fuchs - established contact so I could act as courier.

5. name: John - since identified by me as A. Yakovlev (anastol antonovich yakovlev).

Time: March 1944 to November, 1945.

and

one meeting December, 1946.

Information: a. Al Black - probably passed on information on highly nitrated explosive to John, that is, this work was initiated with Sam and was concluded with John, probably in April, 1944. Nothing further was done with Al.

- b. Klaus Fuchs - obtained information on atomic energy. I thought at first that this was merely a project to separate the isotopes and really did not immediately grasp the

## Chromatography (continued)

leave for 2 days. The person, which was given  
sentimental. C. Fuchs especially, did not think  
that the work should be completed in  
time before the coming of the new  
and Japanese. The Council Board will sing.

(4) 5, police, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th (most of them, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311th, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411th, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511th, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611th, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th, 691st, 692nd, 693rd, 694th, 695th, 696th, 697th, 698th, 69

one working in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The date is early in January, 1945. This was at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. H. Hinchman. I received information and turned it over to father.

(3) Two meetings in or near Santa Fe, New Mexico. These meetings were an early June, 1945, and about September 19, 1945. I received information on both occasions and turned this data over to John. A tentative agreement was made to see Klaus in Cambridge about Christmas, 1945; also, an arrangement was made should he return to England.

(4) I only once looked at the data (in New York) - it consisted of mathematical equations. Undoubtedly it was very complete as far as Klaus's own work is concerned, but his knowledge of the entire Manhattan Project was far from so. Unfortunately at least, did not know of the existence of either Oak Ridge or Los Alamos and had no concept of the U.S.'s industrial potential.

I received information  
on two occasions and  
transmitted this  
data over to  
John in a matter  
of 15 or 20 minutes.  
(Possibly there were other  
portals of data.)



c. H.S. - Since identified as David Greenglass of New York City. In Jan. 1945, on the occasion of my first visit to Santa Fe, I met this man at his apartment in Albuquerque and secured from him information for which I paid him \$500 (so his wife could continue to stay with him). The money was given to me by John. I turned the data over to John. Earlier, I had said that I believed the information to have been unimportant and that I had since learned that it was highly valuable.

d. Visits to Cambridge - I made one visit to Cambridge in late January or early February, 1946. There I met Mr. Kinnaman. Klaus was still in New Mexico. Also, I may possibly have made an earlier visit in November, 1945, but I rather doubt this.

e. meeting with John in December, 1946. He apologized for not having seen me; demanded information from Klaus (I did not have any); I told him of the story of Klaus's arrest in England; John's horror when I told him of my working for all and his precipitate departure.

sources: a - Al Black's data and samples on nitroated explosive - Holston Ordnance Works, Tinsmith April, 1944.

b - Klaus Fuchs - Manhattan Engineer Project and Los Alamos. Principally Klaus's own work plus any other details (fragmentary) that he may have had knowledge of. Fuchs, I believe, knew a great deal, and I believe he was present at the first explosion of the bomb at Alamogordo, July 16, 1945.

c - David Greenglass - information on his own work at Los Alamos. Greenglass was a

51a

on Dec. 26, 1946, just prior to  
meeting Yakovlev, I met a tough,  
savage individual at the Calk  
Theater in the Bronx of New York —  
he is the one who told me to see Yakovlev  
at Third Avenue. I saw this unknown  
man for less than a minute.



6-13-50

(7)

Chronology (concluded)

machinist and I have been told that he worked on a very important phase of the bomb assembly. I believe the above is information on possible activities.

Gold's Function — With Al Black, Klaus Fuchs, and David Greenglass I acted as a courier. At Mrs. Heilmann's, in January or February, 1946, I performed my last mission for the Soviet Union in trying to get in touch with Klaus Fuchs.

6. Name: Unknown. Complete description given to F.B.I.

Time: Early July 1949.  
and

September and October, 1949.

Occasion: I received a letter from John (so signed) in early July 1949. This was intended as a signal for a rendezvous. This I kept, but no one showed.

Then in October, 1949 I was visited at my home by the unknown man. This was on a Saturday evening. The following occurred:

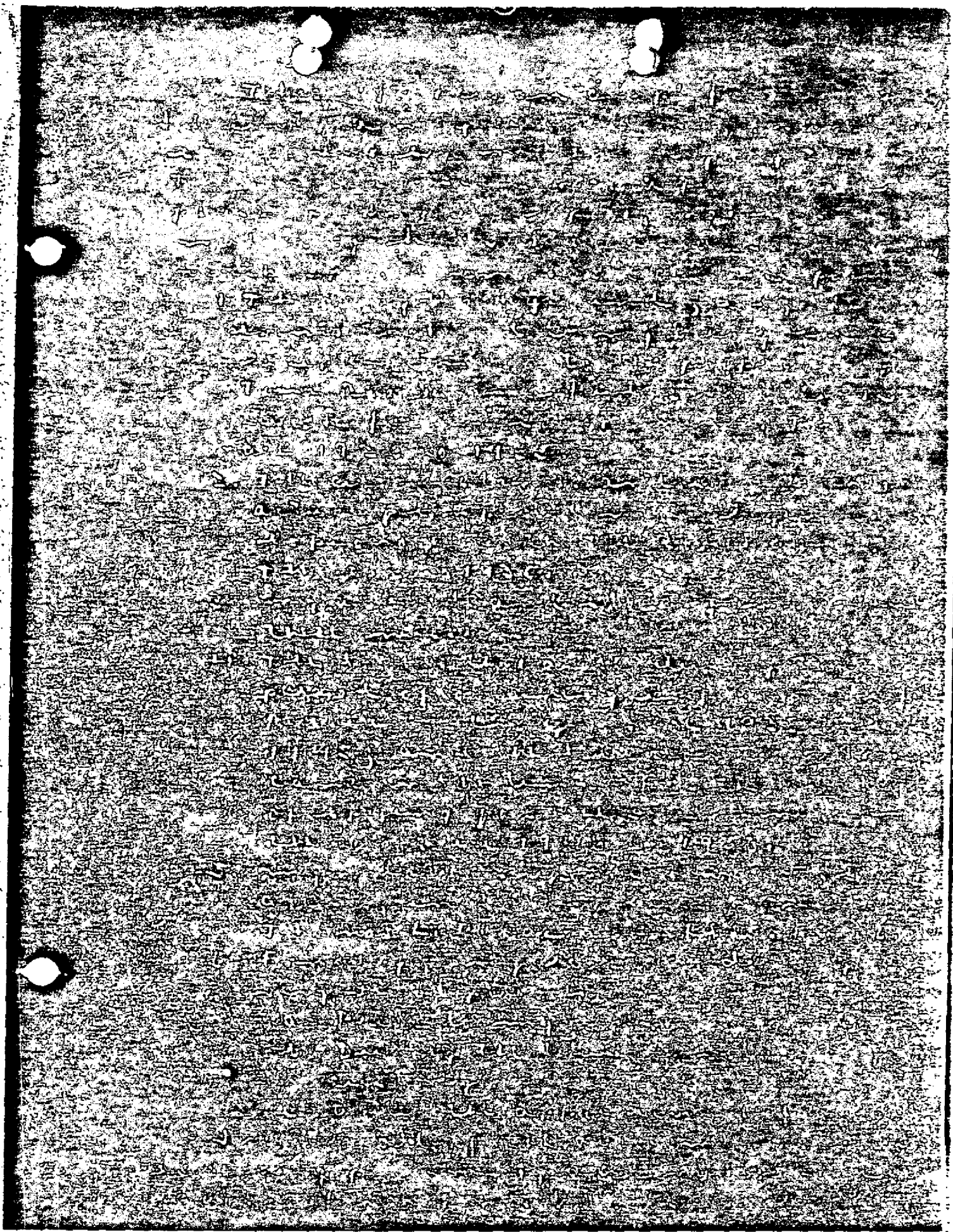
- a. Regards from John.
- b. A bowling out for not keeping appointment on receipt of letter in July, 1949.
- c. A request for information (data) from Klaus Fuchs.
- d. A request for the story of my appearance before the Grand Jury in July, 1947.
- e. An arrangement proposed by John for meeting every two months — plus an emergency arrangement.
- f. Two meetings in New York, one

in Forest Hills and near the Bronx  
700.



Delivered to me  
by Harry Gold  
10/19/50

Joe





[illegible]

۱۰۰  
 ۱۰۱  
 ۱۰۲  
 ۱۰۳  
 ۱۰۴  
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For a few years, 1917 to 1923, my father  
was 2600 feet in the high mountains of  
(some of the highest peaks in the  
state of Washington) and he was  
the first to make a successful ascent of  
Lassen Peak, the highest peak in the  
Sierra Nevada range of the Pacific  
and at the same time was one of the  
contemporaries of Theodore Roosevelt  
in his ascent of the same mountain.  
My father was a very successful  
business man and the most successful  
banker in the state and did a  
great deal of private banking  
and general business of these lightening  
roads and the comparatively unexplored  
west of the United States and of  
Oregon and he was a great help to  
his daughter at the time (from  
some 1917 to the present) in the  
business of the family and in the  
management of the family business.

The last of these years, 1923, was the  
year of my father's departure at the  
Victory Machine Company (the  
1926, the Victor Corporation of America).  
When he left, he gave me a letter for the  
Victory Machine 1915, the year was and  
which was the last of the decisions  
of the company. The company was in  
a very early stage of development and  
was a very small company, but it was  
very successful and it was the first  
of the company and it was the first  
(such as the Ford Motor Company and  
the General Motors) at the time of the  
the company was of a good, solid  
and successful and it was the first  
order in the world of a

The first of these is the fact that the  
 company has been in business for over 20 years  
 and has a long and successful record of  
 service to its customers. The second is  
 the fact that the company has a large  
 and loyal following of customers who  
 have been with the company for many  
 years. The third is the fact that the  
 company has a strong financial position  
 and is able to meet all its obligations  
 to its creditors. The fourth is the fact  
 that the company has a strong reputation  
 for honesty and integrity. The fifth is  
 the fact that the company has a strong  
 management team. The sixth is the fact  
 that the company has a strong marketing  
 program. The seventh is the fact that  
 the company has a strong sales force.  
 The eighth is the fact that the company  
 has a strong customer service department.  
 The ninth is the fact that the company  
 has a strong research and development  
 department. The tenth is the fact that  
 the company has a strong production  
 department. The eleventh is the fact  
 that the company has a strong distribution  
 network. The twelfth is the fact that  
 the company has a strong financial  
 department. The thirteenth is the fact  
 that the company has a strong legal  
 department. The fourteenth is the fact  
 that the company has a strong human  
 resources department. The fifteenth is  
 the fact that the company has a strong  
 information technology department. The  
 sixteenth is the fact that the company  
 has a strong environmental and safety  
 department. The seventeenth is the fact  
 that the company has a strong corporate  
 social responsibility department. The  
 eighteenth is the fact that the company  
 has a strong community relations  
 department. The nineteenth is the fact  
 that the company has a strong public  
 relations department. The twentieth is  
 the fact that the company has a strong  
 media relations department. The twenty-  
 first is the fact that the company has  
 a strong government relations department.  
 The twenty-second is the fact that the  
 company has a strong industry relations  
 department. The twenty-third is the fact  
 that the company has a strong investor  
 relations department. The twenty-fourth  
 is the fact that the company has a strong  
 analyst relations department. The twenty-  
 fifth is the fact that the company has  
 a strong media relations department. The  
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 The twenty-seventh is the fact that the  
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 service department. The thirty-eighth is  
 the fact that the company has a strong  
 sales force. The thirty-ninth is the fact  
 that the company has a strong marketing  
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 the company has a strong reputation for  
 honesty and integrity. The forty-first is  
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 financial position. The forty-second is  
 the fact that the company has a large  
 and loyal following of customers who  
 have been with the company for many  
 years. The forty-third is the fact that  
 the company has a long and successful  
 record of service to its customers. The  
 forty-fourth is the fact that the company  
 has been in business for over 20 years.









pipefitters and my co-worker, Tom  
Ferguson, while I was working in the  
company's distilling division. When  
Fred Stetson, the superintendent, rebuked  
me sharply, and said that he wanted  
to hear no further talk of Socialism  
in the plant; it was right, of course,  
but, as might be expected, this only made  
me the more obstinate. But I shut up —  
this was the depression.

One final item regarding this  
matter of Socialism. It may be sig-  
nificant that Tom Black and Al Shick  
were also Socialists, initially — in fact,  
black, even as I, never became a  
convinced Communist.

Third, my meeting with Tom Black  
and Vera Kane. In December 1932, just  
ten days before Christmas, I was laid  
off from my job as laboratory worker  
and plant operator at the Penna Sugar  
Company. But the reason was not my  
preaching of Socialism. This was a mass  
discharge of some twenty-five men;  
Stetson, an insouciant character, was  
resentful and suspicious of the fact  
that I was "Dr. Reich's man" and had  
been placed in the Distillery over his  
objections. (When I had to leave Penna  
in March of 1932, Dr. Reich, my friend  
and former employer, was unable to  
restore me to the former position in his  
laboratory, and so did the next best  
thing in finding a job for me during  
those dreary years.). Thus, though all of  
the other names on the pink sheet were  
in alphabetical order, mine, like  
above Ben Adlin's, headed the list.

Then there was that Farman and (Ferd) H. H. H., a Jewish character in the main body, suggested that I should take my family to the Bichids. A case of South Russia. He was serious, too. This was, to me, nonsense of course, because as bad as things were here, I still considered this my home, and lived it very much — the love of sports of football, baseball and basketball; and motion boxing, Ben Crosby and the team of Stoopnagle and Budd on our radio; and the love of by Liberman, Abe H. H., Danny H. H., Frank Kessler, Leon Colman and Sam Haftel, all my loyal and worried friends; and then there was the family and beloved neighborhood of South Philadelphia and Phillip Street. But there was also the disgraceful specter and the deep ignominy of charity, and the first thing that followed my firing from work was the necessity for returning our new parlor suite (the first in sixteen years, and which was mom's joy) to his brother — that fifty-dollar refund was so vital and loomed so large.

I shall digress on this matter of charity. Mom was opposed to it — violently as most of the families living in the 2600 South Block of Phillip Street during the Twenties lived on the wages earned by the head of each home; but there were a few who, on account of the death of a father or a protracted illness, existed on the subsidy of various charitable organizations — and some found the affair rather to their liking, and



would soon come to this world - given  
rights more despised than people. How-  
ever, there was no money for anything. I  
Lippy Liberman, one of the "young" ones.  
Danny, all, Frank and I. I was the  
eldest of a large children - the father  
was tubercular and his mother was  
to help support the family; the cost of  
medicine, and so on, was made up by a  
private charity. At this time it was the  
custom for the various "neighborhood  
centers" to give baskets of food at  
Thanksgiving and Christmas to all  
the needy who applied. And it was  
also the custom of many families to  
go and collect as many of these baskets  
as they could, whether they actually  
needed them or not - "after all, it's  
there so why not take it?" So Mrs.  
Liberman, in all kindness and sin-  
cerity, said to me one morning, "Why  
don't you go along with Lippy and Louie  
and the girls and get a basket, Harry?"  
Whereupon, I drew myself up in the  
proud snobbish righteousness of twelve  
years and, with the blunt cruelty  
which only a child is capable of, stated  
"my mother says that in our family  
we do not take charity!" Mrs. Liberman  
deeply hurt, naturally told mom about  
this and I got soundly walloped, to  
teach me not to offend people in the  
future.

also this: I was quite frail and  
underweight during my grammar  
and high school days, particularly in  
the former period. At this time, it was  
the practice of the public schools to send

the more likely, on the whole, to be a  
childhood for a two or three day period  
at the summer camp operated by the  
Christian Association of the time  
of Pennsylvania or Delaware (some  
fifty miles northwest of Philadelphia).  
My name was put on the list, but  
when I told mom about it, she de-  
murred — it was too hot. Finally,  
talked her into going to the St. Anne's  
Grammar School and telling Mrs.  
Biermaster, and this teacher told a  
white lie, saying that this summer  
camp was really a part of the Public  
School system and was in no sense  
a charity affair. I do not believe that  
mom ever really swallowed this story,  
but, inevitably, her concern for my  
health triumphed, and she did permit  
me to go to camp for two glorious  
summers, when I was twelve and  
thirteen. I gained from five to seven  
pounds on each occasion, learned to  
love spinach (and I still do), played  
soccer, shivered wonderfully on the  
huge boulders around the campfire while  
the counselors (all University athletes)  
told ghost stories, and, best of all,  
developed a fabulous appetite, one  
which has stayed with me till the  
present — as Abe Brothman once said,  
"Harry will eat anything that will stand  
still long enough, or won't eat him  
first."

But to get back to the main stream  
of this history. I looked for work fan-  
tastically during five weeks in December  
and January. Then Fred Heller came



the huge development where they lived in Newark, then they surprised me. I was just out of packing in my room on Riverside Avenue, near the Polo Grounds, in Jersey City. "We're going to Vegas," they announced, and we did, to an all-night party in University Village at Miss Kane's apartment on Ninth Street. She was then a woman of about thirty, and divorced from her husband; there was an eight-year-old son back home in up-state Utica. Miss Kane (her maiden name) was an attorney, and worked in Wall Street for the legal firm of Frazer, Hume, Meyer and Kiddle. Apparently, Tom and Anne and Fred had known her for a long time. In appearance she was very graceful, of medium height and build, with straight black hair framing an oval face, an attractive smile (almost a grin), and a pleasant and disarming manner; to Tom and Anne, in particular, she behaved somewhat as a mother, then with those bachelor exponents of the random life.

A note in Chile. He was an immigrant from Switzerland who, as many Swiss boys (and my Pop), had found that picture-postcard country an impossible place as regards earning a living. He had at that time been in America some ten years, was a graduate of Cooper Union (the free evening College in New York City), and was at present taking his master's work - evenings and Saturdays - at Columbia University. It was Chile

Norco (National Oil Products Company).  
He gave an announcement then about thirty-two  
with a shambling walk, an oddity  
enough graceful hang to the frayed  
clothes on his slinky frame, and a  
quizzical smile on his somewhat care-  
worn face. As far as I know, Cline, though a  
socialist in principle, never became a  
Communist. He came of a carpenter race,  
one with an ingrained respect for  
"Das Gesetz" (the law), and he was of  
the onlooker's and not the participant's  
character. His principal diversion was  
joining various hiking clubs and  
taking long and arduous jaunts on  
Sunday mornings, and at home when  
horrified the night-out — and  
late-sleeping — Tom.

I have used the phrase, "all-night  
party," but this was in no sense an  
orgy. We just sat around and ate  
spaghetti and fried eggs and oysters  
and drank the cheap wine of the  
neighborhood; and we talked. Oh boy  
we talked. Vera read some incredible  
funny stories by Thurber from the  
New Yorker and some rather surpris-  
ingly good ones from the New Mass  
(the literary, as opposed to propaganda,  
journal of the Communist Party)  
and we talked. Somehow an argument  
(and a heated one) started on the subject  
of how superior was the Soviet way (or  
rather, lack) of family life as con-  
trasted with that of the decadent U.S.  
To me this was the worst sort of busy,  
and I hotly defended the concept of a  
happy and closely-knit unit of parents

and children. Probably, I was especially articulate because there was the added incentive of, that very day, returning to my home in Philadelphia. And, as we made our way through the day or Sunday morning quiet of downtown Manhattan to the subway, the usually laconic Criss admitted, "You even had me believing you, Harry."

So I returned to Philadelphia and Penn Sugar and the 2500 block of South Philip Street. And, beginning that winter I entered the course in Chemical Engineering at the Evening School of the Drexel Institute of Technology — I still had hopes of going to college, but I knew that the time spent here would be well worth it, even though only a diploma (no degree) was awarded.

But I was not through with Tom by any means or, I should say, the latter was not through with me; the family was materially happy to me; the man who, in effect, had been the economic savior of us all and so, as Black kept coming to Philadelphia on visits to Fred Heller, he always made it a point to take the long journey, from Olney to South Philadelphia, just to see me. Tom with his bluff and hearty ways, quickly endeared himself to them. He did begin to propagandize Pop and me but then suddenly, he stopped — this was some time in the middle of 1934. Also, just about then Tom stopped urging me to join the Communist Party in Philadelphia obviously feeling that New York would have been a much more fruitful Philadelphia



would have meant disgrace to my family and the almost certain loss of the job. (It should be established here that Tom's propaganda to Mom and Pop was not open — he carefully avoided admitting that he was a Communist — but it was as he said, of the "confusing" type, tending principally to discredit any hope for the future of Capitalism.). Thus as Tom's insistence on my joining the Communist Party had increased, so did my resistance, and so did the reasons for not doing so pile up: from Tom's own account (as well as my observations) the members were a shabby and shoddy lot, run through with informers and opportunists; they were great characters for putting other people on a spot, the sort of "You go out and get your head cracked, it's only the cops," attitude. And, in spite of Tom's urging, I never made any inquiries in Philadelphia, or ever elsewhere, about becoming a Communist.

Now, on his visits here, Tom kept inviting me to come to Newark, and almost always we went over to Vera's, and it was there that a veritable, and steady, tidal wave of "facts and pictures and information and proof-positive" regarding the splendid future of Communism in the glorious Soviet Union, swept over me. Tom and Vera never let up. But they were not as obvious as might be supposed. There were also the tiny sounds as the small waves of discrimination were sent slapping against the exposed reef of my mind. Here are

just two incidents they related:

Tom told how his name was originally Tasso Leffingwell Black; his father, a late professor of English literature and a great admirer of the Renaissance poet Tasso, had named his only child after that famous man. But, in 1927, when Tom left State College to seek work in chemistry, he encountered considerable difficulty even in obtaining job interviews. Eventually, he did manage to get in to see the personnel man at the American Cyanamid Company in Elizabeth, New Jersey, whereupon that individual, gazing in surprise at my friend (with his body-build and features a two hundred-year throwback to those of a British peasant), said, "my God, I was certain, from your name, that you were an Italian." And a great light came over Tom — so this was why he had failed to get into so many plants, and later the 'Tasso' was legally changed to 'Thomas'.

And Vera described a Christmas party in the offices where she worked. It was a most sedate and dignified affair, with good, rich food and the best of drink; and near the conclusion, one of the partners of the firm rose and, with the most restrained and gentlemanly benevolence, proposed a toast: "A happy Christmas to all our Christians here, for I am thankful that we are no other in this firm. This, while Vera looked significantly across the table at one of the stenographers, a girl who, unknown to anyone but Miss Kone, was Jewish.

However, what is far more pertinent is that, it was in that apartment of Vera's on Ninth Street, very early in 1935, Tom disclosed to me that he had (and, I believe, through Vera Kane) met a man who worked for Amtorg, the Soviet Trading Company in America. And this man, Black joyously announced was desirous of obtaining — "stealing" is the more accurate word — a variety of specialized information and data on certain chemical processes, as they were carried out industrially in the United States. In particular, this vaguely described man wanted such specific items as those manufactured by Napco: paper "series" (filler materials), vitamin D concentrates (from fish oils), and sulfonated oil (synthetic detergents) for textiles — it can readily be seen how avidly such materials would be welcomed in the field of education, as food, and for clothing (and the fish oil residues could be made into soap). A tremendous boon to a country which was, industrially speaking, back in the eighteenth century (in spite of some localized advances). But Tom and Vera said that so much more was needed — and, among the required products, were those such as: the various industrial solvents used in the manufacture of lacquers and varnishes (such as ethyl acetate, butyl alcohol, butyl propionate, amyl acetate, etc); certain specialized chemicals as ethyl chloride (used as a local anesthetic; and in particular, absolute (100%) alcohol (used to blend, i.e., extend, motor fuels).



all of these the Pennsylvania Gas Company's subsidiaries (the Alcohol Distillery and the Franco-American Chemical Works at Carlstadt, near Pittsburgh, Pa.) made, and all of these could go toward doing much to make the harsh life of those who lived in the post-revolution Russia a little more bearable. Would I agree? This brings me to

Second; the phase of this report that deals with the circumstances and motives that influenced my coming to the decision to work with Tom Black and Paul Smith, and then the succession of other Soviet agents, possibly the word "influenced" should be replaced by that of "impelled"; for at this point, I wish to emphasize that my agreement was by no means passive.

To repeat, "would I agree?" I said that I would think it over, but actually I had already formed my judgment. Yet I would, in fact, I was even to a certain extent eager to, it has been stated above that this agreement was by no means passive. Why? Why was this? Here is really the crux of the whole long story, the story that had its culmination in my deeds during 1944 and 1945; the whole eleven years of lies and falsehood and deception and thievery — practically my whole adult life! Why?

I have noted in the first Report that that there were two reasons: one, gratitude to Tom Black for having saved my family from going on relief; and two,

a genuine desire to help the people of the Soviet Union to be able to enjoy a measure of the better things of life. But there were really only two circumstances; they were present it was true, but there were also some underlying ones which undoubtedly exerted far more power in the making of my decision. These points are given in summary:

Point one. The one matter that Tom and Lisa had dismissed away at was the fact that only in the Soviet Union was anti-Semitism a crime against the State; and look, here it could get a man elected to public office, and then in Russia, stood the one bulwark against the further encroachment of that ever-growing monstrosity, Fascism. To me Nazism and Fascism and anti-Semitism were identical. This was the age-old enemy, the evil, bloody stench of the Roman arena, of the medieval ghetto, of the Inquisition, of pogroms, and now, of the concentration camps. Anything that was against anti-Semitism I was for, and so the chance to help strengthen the Soviet Union appeared as such a wonderful opportunity.

It might be asked, why didn't I try to fight anti-Semitism here in the United States, feeling as strongly about it as I did? Frankly, this seemed to me like a pretty hopeless business. It has always looked as though the only people who attended plays which preached tolerance, or who read books preaching the same line, were those who were already tolerant, and who needed no proselytizing.

those who needed it most. Apparently, and a person who is an anti-Semite, he stated that one of the only possible approach to combat the hatred in America, and which approach at all reasonable, was a long-range program starting with the children. But, unfortunately, it was these children's very parents who would inculcate the virus of hatred.

And it is a most sadomic history of events that I, who so much wanted to do something constructive to combat the hatred of Jews in America, have now done so much more to aid in its spread — more than Fritz Kuhn, or the various "Right" and "Front" organizations ever did. I say no more.

Point two: A certain basic lack of discipline seems to run as a thread through my life. This statement can best be illustrated by two incidents:

The first occurred during the last week of my senior year at Southern High. At that time, my English instructor, and the head of the department, was a man called Dr. Fairbairn. He had just that year come to Southern from Frankford, a school with a student body which was, on the outside, definitely a cut above ours in intelligence, and an institution located in an area on a somewhat higher economic plane. Dr. Fairbairn had the quaint concept that one should, at the very least, be able to express oneself well in English.



and he proceeded to raise veritable hell  
with the students. I recall that he  
once told Art Morrison, at present a  
sports writer for the Philadelphia  
Inquirer and who then was reported  
schoolboy sports for the Public Ledger,  
that Art had "the literary ability of  
a chimpanzee." A good part of the  
senior class in my section (Art was  
not in this group) was flunking  
and, as a final reprisal, Dr. Farbach  
gave a quiz on Shakespeare's "Macbeth";  
it was a relatively easy exam, in-  
volving only some 20 or 25 questions  
which required merely one to three  
words of factual answer. But, all  
through the hour, low moans of  
dispondency and frustration could  
be heard through the room. I stood  
quite well in the class, but even  
then I was surprised when the  
instructor asked me to remain when  
the quiz was over; then, handing me  
the papers, Dr. Farbach said that I could  
help him out of a difficult situation  
by grading them for him that night  
— as I remember it, he had some  
meetings to attend and a host of  
other papers to mark. I agreed, but  
unfortunately for Blum saw me  
take the quiz sheets, and when I  
left the room I was overwhelmed  
by a group of boys all pleading,  
"Please make me pass, Harry, please."  
So I took the examination home and  
sat up till after 5 A.M. filling in  
answers, erasing wrong ones and  
substituting the correct ones, and

(21)

even failing some twenty-five different types of handwriting, and when I was the only, and only, one who passed, every single day. That morning I handed the paper over to Dr. Fairbairn; and that afternoon he met me in one of the school's halls. He wisely said, with a gentle sarcasm that still haunts and burns, "The class did very well, did they not, Harrop?" and he turned his back and walked away. Yes, the memory of this is so grating that, on several occasions in the past twenty-two years, I was on the point of looking up Dr. Fairbairn, so as to apologize to him and try to explain why I acted as I did. But this last point was the real stumbling block — why had I done this for a group of stupid, lazy darts to whom I had no responsibility and no allegiance?

The second event is much more recent in origin, and has to do with a series of experiments carried out by the research group at the Heart Station of the Philadelphia General Hospital. These experiments were called hepatectomies and involved the extirpation of the liver from a dog, and then an attempt to follow a variety of chemical and physiological changes in the experimental animal until its inevitable death (a major organ was removed); in particular we were interested in the

potassium level, so closely associated with muscle action. The work had been suggested by Dr. Billet, the director of the research project, and it met with universal opposition from the medical residents and even in the lab. It was not so much the tremendous amount of work involved (six people were tied up for a day, and the laboratory, for three days, and we often started at 5 or 6 A.M. — which required my coming in at 3 A.M.), but these two facts which generated the objections: first, the removal of such a major organ as the liver also affected, say, four thousand other variables, in addition to the few we were investigating and, from that point alone, the work seemed scientifically unsound; second, at the time, early in the year, when these experiments were being carried out there were a large number of nearly completed projects, all of them of solid, substantial and basic value, and all awaiting just a little work, either in the lab, or merely assembling the data and writing up the work — and all these were sidetracked while the hepatectomies went on. We all objected, but Dr. Billet was adamant, and so these experiments were continued. I brooded over this and took it much harder than almost anyone else, even to the extent of asking other research men



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a pitance and was giving up at least 25,000 dollars in income for patients, which, as an outstanding practitioner of internal medicine, he could easily have earned.

And, eventually, Dr. Borzoi continued the department's work and involvement on the first the basic projects and to begin more fruitful pursuits.

Thus, I think that these incidents, more than anything, show my emotional impulse to take drastic and, if need be, illegal action when I believed a situation required it. Looking back now, I can only too easily see the errors in reasoning (perhaps a better word would be "emotion") which led to such foolish action in one case, and from which I was barely saved in another. I do not clearly understand the drive that was there, but certainly it was present. <sup>(N)</sup>

(N) = note;  
see pages  
104 ff.

And so, in just such a manner, I began to work, outside of the laws of this country, for the benefit of the Soviet Union. For I never tried to fool myself in this matter, I knew I was committing a crime, but it seemed that the greater overall good of the Soviet Union justified this action.

Point three. There is involved also the very important fact that there must have been in my makeup a definite lack of faith in democratic processes. This, I have discussed in the first report, but it is so fundamental to an understanding of what occurred, that

it must again be considered. For, through all of this work of working with the Russian agents, I still unconsciously thought of myself as an American citizen, though an American who was illegally and underhandedly, it is true, for the Soviet Union; and here I was unwittingly fooling myself — for no truly convinced American could have done what I did. This is so apparent, yet I did not see it then. Because if I had ever thought that my actions might in any way harm the United States, I would never have gone abroad. And this is not a banal and futile attempt to seek an alibi.

To elaborate on the subject of a lack of faith in democratic processes. In 1933, and in the years just following, there were many things badly awry in America. This is an incontrovertible fact, of which anyone who lived through that period need not be convinced. But there was actually nothing basically wrong. For all that was needed was for the necessary measure of social cooperation to be instituted; a cooperation between government and capital and industry and labor. And this has been done. I shall briefly undertake to explain in brief, by means of just five items:

- a - Savings Bank accounts are no longer the hazard they were in 1929 and 1930 — they are now insured up to 10,000 dollars.
- and sharemans on the stock market are at least fairly effectively controlled by the twin



guardianship of the steel trust is in charge commission and the self-policing of the various exchanges.

- b. Earnings from salaries and wages are expected to top 139 billion dollars for this year (based on the income received in 1949); this is an all-time high. And then Walcott's 1946 goal of 60 million tons is now more than an actuality; at the last count it was 62,300,000 and is expected to go even higher. Corporate earnings are fantastic. As of May, 1950, the Commercial Department reported that they were 12% higher in the overall than over the same month a year ago. Individual firm profits are even more fabulous. "Combined first-half profits for 17 steel companies totalled \$327.6 million, a gain of over 17.6% over the 1949 half. Big steel alone chalked up a 28% gain for a net of \$119 million." [Time, August 17, 1950]. And this is a basic industry. Plus, "Radio Corp. of America, \$20.9 million, up 107%." [same source]. and several others "in the last quarter smashed its own record (for all corporations) with profits of \$272.8 million." [again, the same source].

In addition, the number of workers has been consistently increased in the steel industry. Life and

(22)  
for July 31 of this year, and called "Fair Federal Census".

c- To continue, regarding housing, a subject always dear to my heart. July of 1950 was the first month in the history of a total of 144,000 new houses were started in this country, and the total for the first seven months of this year is an incredible 343,000. This is from the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

d- In respect to the matter of discrimination, the Army has begun to train the Fourth Infantry Division at Fort Ord, California. This is a pioneer project in which white and negro troops will be trained together, with exactly equal treatment and no attempt at segregation. And, I have mentioned in the first report the fact that the major league now have such excellent negro players as Roy Campanella, Jackie Robinson, Larry Doby, Luke Catter, Hank Thompson, Monte Brown and Sam Jethroe who would have thought this possible, as little as five years ago. There is a long way to go, but the important thing is that we are doing along on the right road.

e- The old bogaboo of intermarriage, an old age has been completely and completely put to rest on the part of both government and individuals.

benefits recently been increased, and the number of elephants needed but not shot, just a short time ago, witnessed such instances as the liberal Wilson - there is no more Plan and that of the Ford Company, and the concept of a quarantined animal wage is making fine headway.

and much more than this has been done. But in 1933 and in 1935, I lacked faith I must have, even though I did not realize it then.

Point four. This has to do with the part of my nature which, when I am confronted with a difficult situation, causes me to immediately react by taking a positive action. This has been in chemistry. When, once I dropped a desiccator (drier) containing 22 crucibles and a week's work, I did not sit down and cry, nor did I go out and get drunk, as much as I wanted to — no, I just worked all that night and for most of the following two days and nights, until the analyses were repeated, and this inborn desire to do something about a disheartening set of circumstances is a trait which, as I have said, has been especially noticeable in my chemical work, and which has accounted for whatever success I have had in that field. For I have long known that I am not endowed with a brilliant mind, far from it, but must accomplish things slowly, the hard (but, oh so enjoyable) way of a steady and



and persistent attack on a position. And this methodical approach, the true basis of all good detective work (as opposed to the "one-shot" gambler's technique), has undoubtedly led me to open the right door in the room which which comprised an ideological attack, and which, for a time, all seemed to lead to a dead end.

Undoubtedly this inclination to participate in ordering the Soviet Union by doing something, and not just being an idle bystander, was a great influence.

Point five. And the final item regarding the hidden motives which made me so readily accept all offers Tom Black and Paul Simon. This did give me an easy way out for putting an end to Tom's ceaseless entreaties — that I perform the disagreeable task of joining the Communist Party, an organization in which I had no faith, whose activities seemed so futile, whose bottom-line seemed so nil, and whose too-black and too-white characterizations — particularly as a technical man, accustomed to dealing with facts — appalled me. And still I could feel that I was paying back my debt for what Tom had done for my family.

To summarize then, there were, in addition to the previously named factors of gratitude to Black and an honest desire to help the Soviet Union, the just-under-the-surface impulse of the fact that by helping Russia, I was

aiding the one country that was opposed to Fascism (a term to me identical with Nazism and anti-Semitism) the matter of a basic lack of discipline, a lack of faith in democratic processes, an impelling drive to do something about a bad situation; and last, I was free, once and for all, of the most unpleasant task of joining the Communist Party.

This note should be inserted before the third category of this narrative is taken up. I did not immediately begin to work with a Soviet agent in 1935. I refer here to my assenting to Black's proposal (that I help Russia) early in that year. There was an interlude of about seven months, until November, during which time we fumbled about with the formidable matter of how we could go about copying the data in Dr. Reich's office. Most of this was in the nature of blueprints of equipment and voluminous plant operating records, and we soon found (Vera made the inquiries) that the photocopy costs would be prohibitive — none of us had such money, and copying by hand was too impractical — it took too long, and I could not risk removing the material too often. We were earnest enough, but we just stumbled amateurishly around. Then in the late Fall, Tom came to Philadelphia and excitedly told me that all of this random effort was over — we were now to be provided, by Amtorg itself, with excellent facilities

for getting information copied. All we would have to do would be to bring the material to New York City, and it would be returned to us in a few hours, at the most. Best of all, the man who was so generously providing all of this service, a Russian engineer from Amtorg, was very anxious indeed to meet Harry Gold, having heard so much of good about that individual. And so I wanted to meet Paul (Smith, Pedersen, etc.?) who, whatever his original nationality was, was likely not even a Russian. Thus, we come to the point of this history, which is

Third, my attitude and state of mind while I was engaged in this espionage work.

It has been stated before, in the first report, that this was a relatively innocuous beginning, in that no military secrets were involved, only industrial spying, and that on matters which merely served to better the lot of the people of Russia. But even here there was present, inescapably so, the hard fact that I was stealing, even if temporarily, material from a man whom I respected and who trusted me; Dr. Gustav T. Reck, the director of research at Penn Ingalls. This did him no harm, true, but it must have hurt me, for it resulted in an initial letting down of the strong barriers against deceit and trickery and thieving, which were



had built up in me over so many years.

But, more than anything, I was immeasurably aided in continuing in this work by one very simple factor — this whole existence became a way of life. The planning for a meeting with a Soviet agent; the careful preparations for obtaining data from Penn Siga; the writing of technical reports and the filching of blueprints for copying (and then returning them); the meeting with Paul Smith or Ranga or Fred or Simon, in New York or Cincinnati or Rochester or Buffalo; or going to a rendezvous with Al Black in Tennessee or Klaus Fuchs in Cambridge or Santa Fe — and the difficulties I had in raising money for all these trips mentioned above; the cajoling of Brothman to do work and the outright blackmailing of Ben Smith for the same purpose; and the many lies I had to tell at home, and to my friends, to explain my whereabouts during these absences from home (mom was certain that I was carrying on a series of clandestine love affairs, and nothing could have been further from the truth); the many hours of waiting on street corners, waiting dubiously and fearfully in strange towns where I had no business to be, and the uneasy killing of time in cheap movies (gazing unseeingly at the screen while my mind was fretting about how affairs were proceeding outside) — all this became

so very deeply engrained in me. It was a drudgery and I hated it; anyone who has an idea that this was a glamorous and exciting life is wrong — indeed — nothing could have been more dreary. But there remained this one curious fact. When, beginning in February, of 1946, my activity ceased, after a while, I actually began to miss it, as tedious and sounds. And, even after 1948, when I fell in love with Mary Lanning, and my mind was constantly occupied with thoughts of marriage and a home and children, yet even then, I would still get an occasional twinge of regret. Once I discussed this with Black (this was fairly recently, in the past few years) and he said that it was really a mistake that he had got me into espionage work, since I had such strong family ties, and exposure would mean so much more to me than to a completely unattached person such as he. "But you know, Tom," I said, "in some funny manner I still long for that life which now seems over and dead and, we hope, is buried forever in the past."

And Black replied, "It's peculiar, but I too feel some lingering regret, even though it's caused me so much grief and disaster in the last fourteen years." But let there be no mistake, once and for all, I was through, absolutely done with this work. I had had enough, far too much, in fact, and I only

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dropped that was a very important factor to me as the length of time and the time, and consideration which constituted practically all of my life as a grown man. All this had to do would be to select one thing out of the small, and it would soon come entirely unnoted, and this is exactly what occurred.

This is another factor which enters into this business of what went on in my mind, while I was breaking around doing espionage. This had to do with my notoriously one-track mind, a fortunate circumstance indeed from the viewpoint of the Soviets. Here is how it operated. When on a mission, I just completely subordinated myself to the task at hand whether it was delivering data I had myself obtained, or a report I had written; or whether it concerned getting information from a person such as Klaus Fuchs or Al Black or Al Brothman once I had started out on a trip, I totally forgot home and family and work and friends and just became a single-minded automaton, set to do a job. This was really so. Probably this attitude was partly unconscious, but it was certainly present and, above all, it was most effective. And when the task was completed and I returned home, the same process again took place, but this time in reverse. I would return to work and would become completely absorbed in it, a very easy and natural affair for me, and I would cast away and bury all thoughts and all memory of everything that had happened on the



this — so perfect memory, effort to  
 forget, and so successful in doing so, that  
 the best illustration can be found in  
 the fact that the F.B.I. has turned up  
 in my home a whole mass of incriminating  
 data relating to this work: blueprints (not  
 submitted because they were later replaced by more  
 recent ones); rough drafts; in my handwriting, of  
 reports; street maps of cities and purchases  
 of books relating to such towns as Santa Fe  
 and Rochester; railroad and plane schedules to  
 such places as Boston and Chicago; instructions  
 on small, white (now yellowed) memo cards, notes  
 regarding procedures and questions for certain  
 people, all given to me by the Soviet agents, and  
 all in my rather unique script; and much, much  
 more, all deadly damning evidence, and damning  
 to many others in addition to Harry Gold. Some  
 of this I knew existed (I was apathetic and  
 made only a desultory effort to destroy various  
 bits), but I had no idea as to the extent and  
 the volume of this material. The F.B.I. agents  
 have falsely referred to the mass of data as  
 my "Fibber McGee's closet" (which that radio  
 character is always going to clean out, but  
 never does). Also, it has not occurred to me,  
 until recently, that the occasional heavy  
 drinking that I did during this time was a  
 not-quite-real effort to aid in forgetting,  
 and in helping to release the tension. Indubitably,  
 too, my effort to bear a part of the expenses  
 of these trips was not wholly motivated by a  
 desire to save the people of

the Soviet Union some money (as I at that time intended), but it may also have been an expression of my part to someone, in this manner, at times to mitigate the feeling of guilt associated with the crime.

and then there was this factor. After I began to work with Paul and the others, I was still, naturally, always engaged in making a living in chemistry. And, as I have stated before, it was almost my practice to make up for slow coming in ability, for any lack of progress (fanned or real) in the work, plus an ever-present desire for perfection and achievement, to strive for all of these objectives by working long extra hours at the job. In addition, during a good deal of this period, I was attending night school, either at Drexel, or in other courses aimed at increasing my knowledge of chemistry. These long hours had a two-fold effect, both phases of which were (mostly) unintentional: first, I was perpetually tired, and this kept me from brooding and thinking too greatly either on the deeds I had done, or their possible consequences to me — should they be disclosed; second, I would pile up such a huge amount of overtime, that it was very easy for me to get time off for a trip — no questions were asked, nor was any suspicion attached to my absences. Thus the Soviet Union work and my legitimate pursuits all too neatly complemented each other.

One final item on this subject of

attitude. As I have noted, the beginning of this work was comparatively innocent (as regards the nature of the work), but from that point on, there was a steady progression of evil, with the realization of the implications increasing all the time. It may seem to be that, considering this and all of the items discussed under "Attitude," I actually did not spend too much time thinking about these matters and the doubts which inevitably arose — in the latter I shall treat in the following section. Now, there is this very vital point that for eleven years, until early 1946 I was steadily engaged in espionage work; then, when Yakovlev deliberately broke contact with me, for the next four years there were only two widely separated efforts to again meet with me (one in December of 1946, and the other in the fall of 1949). During this period, for the first time, I had the opportunity to reflect at length and to evaluate the damage that I had done, the full implications involved in this, and to come grimly to the terrible and sickening realization that it had all been such a tragic and irreparable mistake. Now, to deal with the phase of this narrative which is

Fourth; These doubts, just mentioned above, may be divided into two categories, early and late; the early ones refer to those that arose while I was actively engaged in working with the Russians from 1935 to 1946; the later ones came as I had the leisure to reflect



(44)  
in the years from 1946 to the present,  
as has just been pointed out above.

First, then, to consider the daily  
doubts, and how they were answered  
and eventually put aside; the main  
line main ones:

Doubt number one. The ruthless per-  
secution of Catholics and the extermination  
of their religion in the Soviet Union.  
From the time I first met Tom Black and  
Ernst Sigismann and Vera Kane it  
was all too obvious that they were not  
only completely atheistic, but were  
militantly and bitterly opposed to all  
religion, and to Catholicism in particular.  
This was readily apparent in their crude  
jokes at the expense of the Pope and  
priests and nuns, plus their jibes at  
religion as "the opiate of the masses".  
This, literally, would make me sick to  
my stomach and I would say so to  
these doctors, citing the sincerity of  
the belief of my lifelong friend, Mervell  
Dougherty, and speaking of the many  
good deeds of his mother and father,  
both prominent Catholic lay people.  
And though I was answered that these  
too were poor deluded fools, still this  
did not satisfy me. Besides, there was  
the uncomfortable realization that if  
one religion (Catholicism) could be per-  
secuted, so could another (the Hebrew),  
plus I thought that Birobidjan was  
actually nothing but a mammoth con-  
centration camp for those Soviet Jews who  
persisted in clinging to their beliefs.

Later, when I began to work with  
Paul Smith and Paga and Fred, I

stated these objections. Paul and Riga ("Steve") both said that the same measures were necessary because of the unrelenting plotting of the Catholic hierarchy with all of the world's reactionary elements, and that when this closed, the Catholics would be permitted to worship in peace. They both added that the freedom of all religions and nationalities was an integral part of the Soviet constitution, and quoted me from dissertations by Lenin and Stalin on this subject, and these two both emphasized the fact, which had so intrigued me at first, that the only country in the world where discrimination was a "Federal offense" was Russia.

Fred, and later Simonov, pointed out that they were both Jews and had enjoyed the greatest possible opportunity in the Soviet Union.

But, after the wonderful manner in which I was received at Xavier University in Cincinnati, and the total lack of bias that I encountered, my doubt became even more intensified. It was so inescapable that these people were good of heart and utterly sincere (and this last criterion was to me so tremendously important in judging others). Two incidents I decided to refresh my knowledge of the calculus because, though I had taken courses twice before, they were so far in the past. The regular class was then taking the second half of the subject, integral calculus, and so a

special classes were arranged by Father Butler for 8 A.M.; a full hour before instruction was normally scheduled; and there were just two students, Paul Winterman and I, just trying to get this done at a large University. And now I graduated in June of 1940, I was awarded my degree "Summa Cum Laude," since my scholastic average merited it. Surely, no discrimination here<sup>(1)</sup> at Duell, however, though my grades had easily warranted it, I gained no honors and, in fact, two of the men I had tutored got them.

When I would tell Fred of how well things were going at Xavier, he would agree that the priests were fine people and much to be admired for the obvious honesty of their convictions; the argument I had expected just never materialized.

Further, when Russia was attacked by Germany, on June 22, 1941, there came a period in which very many "white" Russians rallied around their native land, regardless of prior bitter differences; and a number of orthodox Russian churches were again opened in Moscow and elsewhere; and this made me very happy.

Doubt number two. I have spoken before of our closely-knit family and of my dismay at the Soviet concept of the separation of a child from its mother, with the former being raised in a nursery while the mother worked. Paul and Fred were very close-mouthed about their personal lives (and I had



blame (ought not to say), but Paul and Simon and Yakovlev all spoke with great pride of their wives and their children, and would elaborate and go into detail on the final plans for the future of their young ones — in fact, one of the items that helped identify "John" as Yakovlev, was the fact that he had once let slip that he had a little boy and a girl, and that the latter was called Vicki, short for Victoria, in honor of her being born on the day that Von Paulus surrendered at Stalingrad; also, the earlier ideas (circa 1933) of free love and easy divorce were admitted to be fuzzy, impractical notions and, instead, stringent restrictions were put into effect, which made the separation of a man and his wife very difficult.

Doubt number three. The backwash of my mother's constant pounding away (in my youth) at the fact that a thief could "not look God in the eye, nor at himself with any respect," troubled me no end. However, I was regularly reassured by the Russians that the data I obtained could be secured in no other way. I shall speak of this again in the discussion of my relationships with Paul and Simon and Fuchs and Black. It should be inserted here, that this question, why these processes could not be purchased openly, had come up in the very beginning — with Tom and Vera. I was told then that such had at first

been attempted, but that four obstacles had arisen to block this honest and direct approach: first, the prices were too high; secondly, high by the U.S. standards, who would have to hold and feared Russia; second, these men would simply refuse to do work for Amtorg; third, when processes were purchased, often the information furnished on the manufacturing data was false and inaccurate, with the deliberate intent of sabotage; fourth, the money could in purchasing processes could be used for other purposes which would benefit the people of the Soviet Union — accordingly, the fear that the material I at first contributed might not be valuable enough, was another contributing factor to the circumstance that I deliberately contrived to avoid accepting full expenses for my trips.

So I stifled this doubt described above, in the horribly mistaken idea that "the end justified the means."

Doubt number four. This particular business bothered me more than any of the other six. It had to do with the Soviets' seeming lack of initiative in chemical engineering research and their utter horror at any pioneering efforts in that field. From the very first, in 1935, Paul instructed me that what was specifically desired were processes already in successful operation in the United States. And Paul, and the others who followed him, candidly admitted that they not only preferred, but absolutely insisted upon, having the

details of only seen a plant as most improved operation in America, as compared to another, which though it might promise to be far superior, still was just in the experimental stage. On several occasions, when I made efforts to submit material which represented work not yet in full-scale production, I had my knuckles smartly rapped, but I wondered. When there is added to this their absolute veneration of American technological skill, I wondered again. To me, this lack of adventurous spirit in research was a terrible tragedy. For everywhere I had worked, at Penn Sugar and at the Holbrook Company, I was always given a full reign as regards the direction of any investigation, and so completely were my interests absorbed in chemistry, that I began to be troubled more and more. But I was told that the Soviet Union was so desperately in need of a chemical industry, that they could afford to take no chance on a plant which might not work; thus, it was far preferable to have a process which operated at an 80% efficiency, and did so day after day, to a problematical one, which might work at 95% of theoretical — but might also yield only 15%. Further I was assured that this was only a surface condition in the Soviet Union, because there the search for basic data was pursued on a far vaster scale than in the United States, where the emphasis was solely on making profits. I was told, "Here in America, the so-called pure research



(in which the only objection is to the data, regardless of its present or future utility) is just carried out in our laboratories in similar cities, or in research centers in a few widely scattered government agencies; but in Russia, the program for building up a backlog of such data (without which no work at all is possible) is part of a vast and unrelenting overall plan, and it is looked on as the most highly prized form of all scientific effort (which it should be).

Doubt number five. It has been related in the first report that I was much upset by two historical events that occurred in the period from 1939 to 1941. These were, of course, the matter of the attack on Finland by Russia, and then the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact. Both are of a pattern, and so were the answers that I received to my objections.

The first, the invasion of a small country by one infinitely superior in size and war-making potential, was countered thusly: Baron Mannerheim, the Finnish leader, was actually of the German Junker military class, and was a terrible Fascist; it was unfortunate that the war had taken place, but the Soviet Union really had no choice if it was going to protect its future welfare. But the second item, this embracing of Hitlerism by means of a non-aggression pact. What the Hell! and Simonov

him that this was an excellent, too much, that's of course a very good thing. I am sure  
enough. Look, you feel, don't tell me  
that you have been so much in the  
franklin building, or the place, and  
there, what the Soviet Union will be  
than anything else. The Soviet Union will be  
precisely the same, and it will be  
military might, time to get ready,  
and when the people come to  
you'll see, and it will be the same  
and Hitler like nothing else in the world  
before, and the Nazis will be eliminated  
once and for all." But in June of 1941,  
Hitler, fully as realistic, and having  
gained for himself precisely what the  
Russians had bargained for, struck first.

Don't number six, as a frustrated  
athlete, the Soviet preoccupation with  
mass calisthenics was astonishing. I was  
want to me. To the boy and the man who  
lost no opportunity to watch a Babe Ruth  
lefty throw, Dizzy Dean and Hank  
Luisetti, or to sit in the stands and  
cheer for Penn, to Harry Gold, this  
Russian drastic method of physical  
athletic endeavor was a joke. This  
could never make me happy. I am far  
too much of an individualist to ever  
get joy out of raising my arms and  
kicking my feet in unison in a  
stadium - I far preferred to sit in  
the stands and yell hoarsely, while  
moss took came in with the bases loaded  
and struck out the side (three men)  
on nine pitched balls, or when Penn  
upset Wisconsin, 27 to 13, in 1931.  
The Soviet system might build better

bodies, but it seemed that, even more  
so, it would result in more perfect  
automatons. This was my hope  
to my satisfaction.

One last incident should be recorded  
before we pass on to the matter of the  
later doubts. Once, in the fall of 1942,  
I did wonder. Things were going very  
badly. I had lost contact with all  
(He had gone to Chattanooga to work at  
the Atlas Powder Company plant and  
training for his duties at Kingsport);  
matters were proceeding very badly  
with Brothman (a series of promises to  
produce the long-delayed report on  
mining equipment had not been kept).  
I was still dependent on my spec-  
tion for military duty; also, my  
increased absence from home had  
begun to disturb mom even more  
than usual, and I was much con-  
cerned — the whole damned busi-  
ness seemed very futile. To top it  
off, on that evening in New York,  
the usually brilliant Lanning had  
been very subdued because of some  
failure of his own, and so, after I  
left him and went to Penn Station  
thinking in me the determination  
to be through with this work once  
and for all, I felt that I had done  
enough. This was about 15 minutes  
till my train to Philadelphia and so  
I sat down to read a paper in the  
smoking room. There, only I was ap-  
proached by a swaying drunk who  
proceeded to vilify me as a "fucking  
bastard", a "stump", a "pitt..."



draft-dodger and as a "looting money-grabber," and a string of far more awful epithets. Even though he was obviously drunk, I would have smashed them - hard! - but I withheld because I could not afford to be involved in a scrape in New York - where I had absolutely no business to be. So I just walked away. That I did, so when I was resolution to quit espionage work. It seemed all the more necessary to fight any disagreement and to work with the most increased vigor possible to strengthen the Soviet Union, for there even accidents could not occur. To fight anti-Semitism had seemed hopeless.

Now to the category of the doubts that arose since 1946. I have said before that only in this period, when for the first time I was full of the constant weariness and toil of espionage work, did I really begin to think on these matters. And I want to assure that this is in no sense a belated and apocryphal affair, constructed with the intent of gaining sympathy, so as to minimize my punishment - the terrible damage caused by the very facts of my espionage is sufficient to insure that. These doubts that I shall discuss all originated in the years from 1946 to 1950. All that I have done here is to assemble them in a roughly coherent form. After all, while I was down at the Philadelphia General Hospital (PGH)

and concerned with a map above of the many  
Lanning and the possibility of man-  
made, it could not be expected that I  
would be down for an entire week  
period and reflect on each one of  
I sometimes did do, but, inevitably, the  
insidious is the loss of the possibility  
of support and action would be  
lost, and I would then try to extract  
from my mind all the ideas I had  
made in more than a decade. But  
here at Hluboká, with my mind  
perfectly calm and at rest, having  
disclosed every last secret and particle  
of evidence, I can now think clearly  
— one thing about prison, it is a  
great place in which to organize one's  
thoughts and to express them clearly.  
To begin, concerning these most recent  
doubts; there are five:

One — again concerning Catholicism:  
after the war, the much hoped for  
rapport never occurred and the situation  
only got worse. The persecution of the  
Catholics was stepped up, as was the  
destruction of their churches, and this  
was not only in the Soviet Union, but  
in all satellite countries such as  
Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Two — and regarding the above  
countries, the invasion, political and  
military, of such lands, was a horri-  
fying spectacle. And such events were  
always followed up by the setting-up  
of a police state, with the attendant  
concentration camps and torture cham-  
bers and executions for "spying for  
the reactionary Capitalist countries."

all the birds  
in the manner, and the  
pattern of birds, and the  
talk of birds, and the  
the terribly frightening  
shape — the strange  
proceed for the  
to fight.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the land in the State of New York, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours, very truly,  
J. B. Thompson

[illegible]



presently discussed at length.

Four — I first met him at the entrance with the well-known and the objectives of the United Nations, at the early meeting (Was it 1944 or 1945?) in San Francisco which led to the formation of this organization. I can recall the author's name in the book. (I don't recall the name of the book, but I thought that it was such a good thing that it came to the attention of the leaders of America, Mexico and other nations, and, as a technical man, I was in fact, the constant thing of others, this and celebrated in the American history of intellectual and moral as well as a wonderful idea. I added to this the very personal aspect of the book and too, while reporting of the Russian press, I had mentioned the difference in regard to the Daily Worker. I realized that this was not for the consumption and that the Russians thought that they had to put on the book, but as Clarence Smith, who worked at Pennsylvania, once said, "It is enough, even of a good thing" — and this was not a good thing, far from it, for it was meant against the facts and the situation in respect to events in America.

Five — Finally the ghastly shedding of all of the arts to Soviet side was a monstrosity as great as any that was ever perpetrated by Hitler. This is the aspect of a great artist such as Picasso, with his recent "Children's Area" and its kind.

of "Stalin, leader and friend of children all over the world" (the quotation is not accurate, but the sentiment is); the criticism, in the Russian press, of Soviet dramatists and movie-makers as being too much influenced by "decadent Western ideas" is an absolutely exact parody of Josef Goebbels' words; and lastly, the effort to force in the bogus Lysenko theory, regarding the influence of environment on biological phenomena, just because it agreed with Marxian economic and social ideas, was too much. This brings up now the next phase of this history, and the one which is

Fifth; this has to do with my relationships with the various Soviet agents, with Klaus Fuchs, and with the Americans with whom I worked. It might be asked why I deem this important, but it is, in fact, most vital. It for no other reason, than the fact that I wish to show that there were completely and utterly sincere people (and I have stressed my veneration for sincerity as a human characteristic), for had they not been so, it could not have been concealed from me for eleven years. I could have been fooled for a while, but not for that long.

First, to deal very briefly with the three Soviet agents who initially appeared on the scene: Paul Smith, Peggy and Fred. They were extremely dissimulated, physically and mentally, but they

had one thing in common — a determination to do their job well. Paul was a very smart and articulate man and had a definitely cosmopolitan background. Very likely, he was the original originator of the industrial espionage set-up in the United States (and possibly in other countries). We got along wonderfully and, to be truthful about it, now I can reflect a bit, he played me as one would a violin — he was that good a practical psychologist. Raza was a huge man, about six feet and three or four inches in height and with a heavyweight boxer's build and carriage. But, for all that he was gentle and shy and had an inborn liking for flowers and for art which (as his English improved) he could discuss with good knowledge — it was he who first introduced me to the world of Cezanne and Van Gogh and Monet and Degas and Gauguin and all of the other great masters. Fred was a small, dark man with a mustache and he was a fanatical martinet. I hated him — he was, in fact, the only Soviet agent with whom I never got along, and the only one who ever threatened to expose me (when I refused to work with Ben Smith, the aeronautical engineer in Dayton, Ohio). But still, as with the other two, I had to respect his zeal to get results (in this dirty work) — however, very grudgingly in his case.

Now to the man I consider the most important of all the Russians,



Simon M. Simonson, whom I knew only  
as Sam (though on several occasions  
I heard him use the aliases of George  
and Simon). He was about my height  
but had a much heavier bone structure  
and was not fat. He had a heavy  
complexion, almost russet-like in  
texture, black dancing eyes, and a  
really warming and friendly smile.  
Simon was not only one of the few  
who could have passed for an American  
(possibly on account of the length  
of his stay in this country) in the  
manner in which he spoke, dressed,  
and acted — and especially in the  
way in which he wore his hat; for  
some reason or other foreigners never  
put hats on their heads as Americans  
do, even though their hats are purchased  
here, somehow or other they do some-  
thing to them. Sam was an erudite  
and cultured man, a mathematician  
and mechanical engineer by pro-  
fession. He had read widely in the  
English literature and was thoroughly  
familiar with the works of Charles  
Dickens, Fenimore Cooper, Somerset  
Maugham, Sinclair Lewis and Thomas  
Wolfe and (the poets) Wordsworth,  
Browning, Sandburg ("a mediocrity  
and a bit of a faker," he said), Frost,  
and Edgar Lee Masters. He knew them  
well and I can still his discussion  
of Browning's "My Last Duchess" on  
some occasions, when he was very  
weary, he would complain of the  
nasty job he was doing and, in  
particular, would be severely critical

of the fact, a gentleman, a man of  
unwavering integrity, a man of  
highly, for a man of his age, a man of  
many, also, a man of great  
and a man of great  
1941 till February of 1944, and he  
was a man of great  
thought to be a man of the  
land. At the opportunity, he would  
go to the street, and he would  
speak a word and then he would  
for the speaking afterwards, and he  
would tell me how much, and he  
got out of talking in Russia, and he  
he regretted that he was too busy to  
take advantage of the first opportunities  
here. It has been made clear to me  
work was a dredging for me, but it  
was a dredging for Sam. His whole  
life was a succession of waiting  
apprehensively on street corners in  
New York and various other cities, wait-  
ing which will often be fertile and sometimes  
extremely dangerous, eating in cheap  
out-of-the-way restaurants, and  
cavorting, pleading with, and threat-  
ening various people. The F.B.I. has  
agreed with me in this estimate and  
add to, they believe that Linnor was  
a sincere and a very able man (they  
have intimated that they have had  
other confirmation of this, in addition  
to my statements). But, as I have  
said, for the most part Linnor is now  
a happy and brilliant man and  
over the years, we accumulated a store  
of memories and private jokes con-  
cerning our past trials and difficulties.

with a meeting of people — first at the  
good and then at the bad of the situation.  
and then I heard about a meeting  
was once, very early in 1941, I came  
to New York City of our time in a  
single week — in a position of  
to obtain a report from a person  
on the situation in the U.S.S.R. —  
(all kept assuming that the data  
was ready, but actually he had not  
even begun to write the report). The  
last trip was on a Friday night, and I  
met my Soviet superior afterwards and  
said, "absolutely promised to have  
the report complete tomorrow; let's make  
the arrangements to meet." at this  
Semenov flew into the worst rage that  
I have ever seen: "Look at you," he said  
"you not only look like a ghost, but  
you are one — you're positively dead  
on your feet and exhausted. What  
must your mother think! You goddam  
fool, let me not hear one more word  
about coming to New York tomorrow,  
or for several weeks to come — go  
home and spend some time with your  
family. This is an order. Listen,  
I'll tell you that son-of-a-bitch  
Brothman has not even started the  
report and is merely stalling for  
time. He is heartless, and does not  
care how often you take trips to New  
York; you are good company and you  
listen well to his bragging, so of  
course he is glad to see you. The hell  
with this Puma — and everything —  
even if it means Moscow will fall  
tomorrow (which it will not). I am



-forbidding you to come to New York  
Saturday." all this was said in one  
explosive breath. Then Sam calmed  
down. "Come," he said, "I will go to  
the Fairview Hotel Bar (in the cellar of  
the Henry Hudson Hotel at 57th Street  
and 8th Avenue) and have a few  
double-Canadian whiskeys and some sand-  
wiches, and then I will put you in  
a cab and personally see that you get on  
a train to Philadelphia; better, I shall  
buy you a parlor-car seat and a few  
Corona-Corona cigars." So it was. And  
Sam was right — it was not till two  
months later, plus a prodigious amount  
of prodding and work on my part,  
that the Russia report was readied  
by Brothman.

One more incident. Sam would  
periodically fret about the fact that,  
I was so often away from my family  
and, most especially, from my  
mother. And when Gus left for over-  
seas service, Sam now became parti-  
cularly anxious and tried in every  
way to cut down on my trips. But  
his greatest concern seemed to be over  
the fact that I had no wife and family  
of my own. "I realize that it's because  
of this work," he said, "but it's not  
natural or good. You are not an  
ascetic and you have normal in-  
stincts and desires. We must find  
some solution to this problem. Ob-  
viously, you cannot take on the re-  
sponsibility of marriage and still  
do this work; and do not think that  
our people fail to recognize the sacrifice

you are missing. So, as soon as possible, you will send me a postcard class dealing in the house, and I will completely forget you all entirely. And you can then go ahead and run around with girls all night in the night (even as you mother than at you do now); and then pack over a nice one, and get married, and have children." And I would go on, saying that I could not continue in espionage work indefinitely — he said I had already been in it too long — because not only was it too much of an odd job, but inevitably a slip would occur, possibly not even one of my own making, and then exposure would follow. How right he was. It is likely too, that this repressed longing for a family is the one that caused me to tell both Brothman and Mrs. Hennehan Dr. Fuchs's sister in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that I was married to a red-headed woman and was the father of twins named Davey and Essie. Ironically enough, this was the clue that first led the FBI to me — even if Mrs. Hennehan had forgotten the names of the fictitious children. Originally, the purpose of this lie was to instill confidence in both Abe and Klaus Fuchs's sister — Simon and Yakovlev had separately instructed me that I should appear as a married man, for the dual purpose of concealment of my true identity and to give the evidence of stability.

which a single man could not, and I am now convinced! The obtaining of information in this underhanded way will not always be necessary. You'll see. After the war is over, there will come a great time of co-operation between all nations and people will be able to travel freely back and forth through all nations. You will openly come to Moscow and will meet all of your old friends — they'll be so glad to see you again — and we'll have a wonderful party and I'll show you all around the city. Oh, we'll have a great time." Even now, I do not believe that Semenov was trying to paint a picture that he himself did not think could ever exist. I have stated that he was sincere and, once again, I do not consider that this estimate of him was a mistake. By the way, he would often bring me greetings — I do not think these were fakes — from Paul and Pega and Fred, and would say that they were well. Further, even in the matter of the doubtless carefully planned and staged presentation of the "Order of the Red Star" to me, I am sure that, in spite of the ulterior motives involved (to prepare me for the coming Fuchs affair, and to ensure that I would take enough money for expenses to carry out this work successfully), there was still the element of a genuine reward for a job well done — and at a considerable risk and sacrifice. I have said that



I would be frank, and possibly I am now carrying this to the point of pathological honesty. For it must be clearly understood that there is no element of braggadocio here, only an unerring, stabbing pain that I could have caused the harm that I did.

The last time I saw him: I saw him for the final time early in February of 1944, just after we had very carefully concluded the arrangements required for meeting Klaus Fuchs for the first time. In May of that year, I failed to keep an appointment in New York with Yakovlev and when I next saw John, he very regretfully told me that Semenov and he had waited for three hours for me to show up — they had planned that we would all have a last drink together at the Ferris Wheel Bar — as much as such a meeting was against established custom for the Russians. And on two occasions, in 1945, John brought me greetings from Semenov, misspelled words so that they were indubitably from my friend. It was a real wrench, when I had to identify Sam as Simon M. Semenov, even on a twelve-year old photograph. That smile and those dark eyes and full lips were unmistakable. And know what has happened to him in the Soviet Union. Yes, it may be thought that I should want to rant and shout at those who "got me into" this present serious situation, but I cannot bring myself to think about those people

without sorrow.

Just a strip of a man, a very young, Anatoli Antonovich, four years younger than I, and he was some five inches taller than I, with a grin and a look of downy hair falling over his eyes, forehead (I shall always think back with a characteristic motion) — I shall never forget by a member of the F.B.I., who had kept John under surveillance for a year and a half, that I had succeeded in identifying Yakovlev from a newspaper photo, where this government investigator had failed; and that my verbal description of John had a "startlingly life-like quality" which had made identification easy. While Semenov was unequivocally the boss, here the relationship was that of two equals.

Now, regarding those who were not Russian nationals, i.e., Al Black, Klaus Fuchs and Tom Black:

Al was an extremely competent chemist and we spent much time talking shop, as chemists invariably love to do. He was a graduate of Syracuse University and, in a certain sense, a credit to that school, in that his technical reports were extremely carefully, clearly and ably written. Even as I, Al was never a convinced Communist. Though at first Black took money for his talks, Semenov always told me that Al should not be looked down upon for this — he was an "exception" to Sam's contempt for paid agents; it seems the thought here was

that the prodigious amount of work involved in assembling this book was a considerable effort involved in assembling this book. I was solicited for an interview on two occasions, but on both occasions, due to a lack of reluctance in my part in continuing this work, he never actually expressed such a desire to meet with me. In 1942 in Cincinnati, he introduced me to the Holloway as an F.B.I. agent (a man who it was only an expedient for Tennessee-Castman), I did not know anything about the somewhat puzzled Bureau told me that Black had stated that this was all an effort to scare me off. It has been declared that Black and I had three violent quarrels in 1942 and 1943, and that eventually I had to threaten him with exposure, before he would agree to obtain the data on the explosive RDX. This is a lie. On my first trip to Kingsport, Tennessee, it did appear that Al was perhaps trying to avoid me (and I so reported to the FBI fully four months ago), but there was never even the semblance of a quarrel. On my last trip to Kingsport, in October of 1944, we played chess all afternoon and then after dinner, Al and Julie (his wife) drove me all the way to Bristol (some 25 miles) as usual, to catch the northbound Norfolk and Western train, and, on parting, we agreed to meet just before Christmas. I did go to Kingsport on that pre-holiday week, and loaded with gifts, but Al had already been transferred to Oak Ridge. I never saw him again, but in February

or March of 1945 I received a very warm and friendly letter from an — now posthumous — friend, a young man, on this subject, I was very much delighted when I read that, some of the — — — — —, had given birth to two children — when I lost them. The fact that they had just about given up hope that father, because of an obstruction in the canal, would ever be born — and now these two young boys were forever be reunited with an — — — — —, was a — — — — —.

Concerning Klaus Fuchs: I have recently been asked how I would characterize this man. I replied, "There is one word, one adjective, that pretty well sums up my estimate of the man, and that is the word 'noble'." This is not a strange statement. Hear: While Klaus was a mere boy of eighteen he was head of the student chapter of the Communist Party at the University of Kiel (in Germany) — where his father was, and still is, professor of physics. Klaus, a frail thin lad, led these boys in deadly street combat against the Nazi storm troops, in the time just preceding Hitler's ascension to "Reich-Chancellor"; and later, when the Gestapo had put a price on his head, he being managed to escape to England. And I say it now, to a man of such convictions, who fought this sort of Fascism at the risk of his life, I can only apply the word noble — such a person cannot help but arouse my admiration.

In that case, Klaus I would call this



[illegible]

as friends, and not for the purpose of obtaining information for the 2nd time. I spoke of my longing to see the famous library, landmarks in the car Britain where Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Wordsworth, Keats and Shakespeare had worked; and Klaus agreed that this impending visit was something he would look forward to.

Incidentally, contrary to newspapers and magazine reports, Klaus refused to identify me from still pictures; he finally did say that I was the man whom he knew in the United States when he was shown motion pictures of me (to which I had voluntarily agreed prior to my arrest) — but even this identification of Klaus took place after I had admitted, yes, I am the man to whom Klaus Fuchs gave the information on Atomic Energy. And I believe he knew that it was I all the time, yet he chose not to report me — this last is pure surmise, of course.

To get to Tom Black, the last man, and the one who first introduced me to Paul Smith and regional work. As I have said, Tom is a huge, bear-like man and a veritable two-hundred year throwback to his British peasant forebears, what with the immense bone structure, the broad, freckled face, pug nose, and a wonderful overall good nature and homely kind ness to all the world. It was this last named characteristic that doubtless led him to become a Communist. Black had been a favorite

student of the late, great chemist, Frank  
Whitmore, at Penn State (no small  
accomplishment, this) and was, in fact,  
one of the most remarkable chemists  
I have ever known. Not only was he a  
superb doer, with an intense  
dedication and ability in those big fields  
of his, but he had the unique quality  
of being able, from the very beginning  
to think a problem through, without  
making any mistakes or choosing an  
wrong avenue of attack — in direct  
contrast to my own technique of just  
making every possible error in the  
book until, by the tedious process of  
elimination, only the correct answer  
remained. Tom was not a libertine  
and he was fully as repelled, as was  
by the prevalent Bohemianism of the  
Communist Party members. And, just  
as I did, he deliberately avoided mar-  
riage (and being far more attractive  
to women, with somewhat more  
difficulty) and devoted himself whole-  
heartedly to the spying activities. In  
the first report, I have told how, during  
our very first meeting, Paul Smith  
absolutely forbade me to see Tom again  
— to avoid the chance of disclosing  
the link, should either of us ever be  
exposed; but, in spite of this, we  
continued to meet, even if sporadically  
and always with somewhat of a guilty  
feeling. Once, however, as a "bonus",  
after the reception of news from Russia  
that a particular piece of information  
had been deemed very valuable, Paul  
did arrange for the three of us to meet

briefly on a bench in the lights on  
upper Broadway. However, there were  
two more mundane (as opposed to  
sentimental) reasons for my con-  
tinuing to visit Tom: one, I was  
always used the issue of a railroad  
trip to Newark as a cover for my more  
attended journeys to obtain information  
— and I would always phone Tom to  
insure that he would be able to sleep,  
should my family call, that I was  
with them; two, Tom served as a  
last-resort source of funds for my  
trips (when I was unable to raise the  
money myself) — I still owe him  
a fair amount. And it was to Black  
that I went for comfort when, at the  
first, I was completely panicked upon  
reading of Fuchs's arrest on Friday,  
February 3 of this year. Tom was  
honor-stricken and dumbfounded  
when he learned that it was I who  
had worked with Klaus — it took me  
a full half-hour of walking through  
dark downtown streets to get up the  
courage so that I could blurt out the  
fatal tale; he had suspected that my  
trips to the Southwest (I had wired  
him for money from Albuquerque)  
had to do with this matter, but he  
had no idea that I was so deeply  
involved. Tom very soundly advised  
me to just let it go and "not go near  
New York."

I should add that, just as Lerner  
and Fuchs did, Black despised our  
sneaking activities — he claimed that  
we were totally not cut out for it if



temperament, and that we could both  
in a peaceful manner left alone to work in  
a laboratory. It is submitted that it was  
of the highest level in the House of  
Tenn, and not completely satisfied with  
perfectly. We could work for hours  
out talking, and we each seemed to  
anticipate the other's thoughts and  
desires before they were actually  
I once attempted to get Tom a job at  
PSH with the National Bureau of  
of Dr. Michael White, and this I think  
have gone through, had it not been for  
my arrest; I can think of no more  
glorious project than working along  
of Tom in endeavoring to aid the  
It will doubtless be commented  
that I admired all of the above men  
much. This was so, and it is still  
true; I make no bones about it. And  
doubtless, this respect for sincere and  
competent men was a part of my  
character which, as its terminal effect,  
kept me working steadily (for many  
years) at obtaining information for  
the Soviet Union. Surely, I thought,  
all of these men whom I respect too,  
cannot ever last one of them be  
wrong. And thus we come to the  
last phase of this report; in memory  
it is

Any; it has to do with my attitude  
and reactions during the three phases  
of this phase, as follows:

- a - Phase 1, 1941-1945
- b - During the time of my arrest
- c - After the arrest of my wife

My Judge McGowan

So, to the events in the first section. To go back a little, I feel sure that many Catherine Lanning within I first met her in Dr. Henry Schwan's office at P.G.H. — it was Friday afternoon, September 10, 1948. It really happened so; just like that, I knew that she was the girl I had been searching for all my life — as banal as this sounds, and as we started to go out together and I got to know her more well, this feeling only increased; and the wish to make her my wife became an overpowering drive in life. Her unassuming manner, forthright honesty, and complete lack of artificiality<sup>(N)</sup> — and her snub nose — completely captivated me. I could go on for hours here, but even in the very beginning a warning bell sounded: suppose that the Federal Grand Jury investigation, in the summer of 1947, is really not the end of all inquiry into my life? And who knew better than I on what a precarious tottering house of cards my whole life rested. From the beginning I realized, and many often remarked on it, that I never seemed to be totally relaxed and at ease in her presence. But she never suspected the true cause, and later when we became much more intimate, and after I had proposed for the first time in August of 1949, many remarked that only once, during a walk along the upper Wissahickon, did I seem completely natural; at this time she came very close to accepting me. However

①. note  
see page  
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at our next meeting several days later, during a trip to the Post-office, I found her altogether — yes, I found as usual, as a tiger on a high scaffold, and she complained that I did not realize her (I only thought I did) — and cited my "lack of ardor" as proof. But it was not lack of ardor, it was fear of exposure; and fear not for myself but a horror at the thought that the disastrous revelation might come after we had been married for years, those or four years, with children and a home of our own. It might then be asked why I, perceiving all this, continued to see Mary Lanning? To this I can only feebly reply that I was hopelessly and genuinely in love. (N)

Further, I knew this: what Mary fancied was lack of ardor was really also an awareness of the fact that I could never marry her without telling of the whole miserable story of my past.

This I knew I had to do; I loved her far too much to be so cruelly unfair as to conceal it. But, strangely enough, I did not fear that she would turn away from me because of what I had done. No, mistaken as these deeds had been, I honestly thought that Mary, if truly in love with me, would find it in her to forgive me, particularly since these acts had been so well-intentioned. Tied in with this, are the two rather strong tendencies that I have: the one, to seek excuses for wrongdoers; and the other, to transfer my own emotions to other people — I was in love with Mary and

on my part, would have overlooked any-  
 thing at all possible (and very unlikely)  
 that ever would do, the prospect of my  
 renouncing and disavowal of my life had  
 did not enter into the picture; what  
 was terrifying was the thought of its  
 coming a few years later. I was  
 desperate and cast around me for a  
 source of advice; but this had to be  
 a special sort of confidante, one who  
 could keep the great secret, the only one  
 I could think of were the great priests at  
 Vassar University and, in particular, Father  
 Mahoney, who had done so much to open  
 up the beautiful world of English literature  
 to me. And sometimes I considered the  
 tall parish priest at St. Ambrose's, near  
 my old home at D Street and the  
 Roosevelt Boulevard — for several years  
 straight we would speak every morning  
 and once I met him on the Penn campus  
 near PGH, and promised to come and  
 visit him. But I never saw either man  
 I just kept putting it off. Besides, I had  
 the awful certainty that their counsel  
 would only amount to one thing: to  
 and make a clean breast of it to the  
 authorities. Yet I know this — had  
 many ever definitely said the word  
 me, then I would have straightaway  
 sought out either man (probably  
 Father Mahoney, as I did not at that  
 time know he was in India), and  
 afterwards would have related the  
 whole scary tale to many. There should  
 be no mistake about this; for, just as  
 surely as I had the knowledge (as should  
 be described later) when talking with



judge me wrong, he is a doctor, and  
should eventually, eventually, it did not  
of course, relate to the FBI, and  
last part of evidence showing to  
with my activities, so did I know  
that once Mary said "yes", what my  
unwilling consent must be.

Now, assuming that I am a doctor, and  
F.B.I., what would that mean? The  
at first it seemed that the immediate  
consequence would be that I would  
simply disappear — vanish completely,  
and Pop and Mary, and Gus would go  
crazy. I am not being very logical here  
but consider my state of confusion  
and mental agitation, what with the  
strong emotional forces at work, and  
even leaving out my loved ones, what  
about Dr. McMillan and Dr. Bell at  
P.G.H.? Dr. Thomas McMillan was editor  
of the American Heart Journal and is  
now in charge of its successor, Circulation;  
Dr. Samuel Bell is assistant  
editor. Both men are world-famous in  
their field. And I would imagine how  
the the squarely-built, but infinitely  
gentle, face of the white-haired chief  
of the Heart Station would recoil in  
horror if the news should come to him.  
This man, with the finest touch of the  
soft accents of mobile still pictures  
present in his work, who would bring  
all heart patients back to this world  
after the technicians and police had  
left, who had such a wonderfully  
reassuring manner to all patients,  
regardless of their back ground or  
status, and of whom a medical

a school student in a hospital (an intern) had once remarked, "He can't possibly be the chief of a service — he's too kind and gentlemanly," this man was Dr. McMillan, and Dr. Zeller, so absorbed in pursuing cardiac research that he eagerly gave up the sure opportunity of doubling his annual income, in order to do so. This man, who so trusted me and who had given me a completely free hand in building up the lab, who would glow with such evident pride as he introduced me to many noted men in the field of medicine, who had given me my opportunity to work where I had found a lasting source of happiness, and who had initially accepted me solely because I said that I liked chemistry.

and Dr. Bill Sturges, the resident in cardiology, Bill who had been my staunchest proponent, particularly in answering the early doubts of Dr. D. (when the work was progressing slowly while the lab was being organized), and who, through almost two years, had been the recipient of my hopes and aspirations, what would the almost unbearable pain of the sickening realization of my crime be to him — Bill the capable, the clear-thinking, and my friend.

and Dr. John Urbach, last year's resident at the Hearst Station, John who as a boy, had come as a refugee from Hitler's Austria, John who was so anti-Communist, what would be

think?

yes, and the other doctors and the  
interns and the chemists and the tech-  
nicians: "Mr. D. P. H. S. M. D.," you would  
to know; Dr. Sam Lewis, who was at home;  
Dr. Harold Rowland, due to return from  
Kentucky; Dr. Peggy Harvey; Dr. Raymond  
Kety; Bill Polis; Dr. Jefferson Clark  
and Dr. Henry Schwartz, in charge of  
the Hospital's laboratories; and Lotay  
Bell, Isabella Van der Horst, Kathleen  
Barber.

I confess, I just could not bring  
my courage up to the point where a  
voluntary admission of my crime  
would ensue. I was cowardly, true,  
but until forced to by circumstance,  
there could be no disclosure to the  
authorities; such was my mental  
environment.

This brings up the second section,  
that of the entry of the F.B.I. into the  
scene. The day is Monday, May 15  
of this year. Curiously enough, two  
special agents Miller and Brennan  
first walked into the West Station  
lab at three that afternoon, even before  
they showed me their identification, I  
knew who they were. And when  
Miller said they would like to speak  
to me "about Abe Brothman — and  
some other matters," that last phrase  
sent a disturbing tremor through me.  
What 'other matters'? So, that night in  
the Bureau's offices in the Widener  
Building, for five hours I stubbornly  
repeated the story Abe and I had  
concocted in 1947: about how we had

[illegible]



The following information was obtained from a review of the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) regarding the activities of the [redacted] group during the period from January 1960 to December 1961.

[The remainder of the page contains extremely faint, illegible text.]

the next day, "But when I got home, I just yesterday, I told you that I had a good thing, I had a good thing, I had a good thing like that?" — I know what you mean, all right, because this was the story I had also told Mrs. Heinenman. I had been desperately trying to get the conversation away from this deadly self, saying that I had never been married and had no children. Then followed the pictures: "Do you know him? Nein? Her? Can see this person before?" and among a group that appeared Mrs. Heinenman and Robert Heinenman, but with both pictures taken years ago (Heinenman as a student with abundant dark hair — he is now practically bald), and I knew that these people were not as yet under arrest; the photographs of Elizabeth Bentley (I never knew her, but first was shown these pictures by Adam Shannon and O'Brien in 1947) were the obvious full-face and profile taken for police files, and then the shocker: "Do you know who he is?" The white, staring and somehow dully expressionless face, with those huge glasses — Klaus Fuchs!

"I do not know him. I recognize the picture as that of Dr. Emil Fuchs, the Briton who got in trouble over the, but I don't know him. I've never been in England."

And then the hammerings, "Oh yes, you know him. You met him in Cambridge, Massachusetts."

And again the denials, "never been there in my life."

Then Miller and Brennan appeared

to give a period of rest to the patient. I was very  
much surprised when the patient insisted on driving  
out to the meeting the following morning. The patient  
felt a bit better and I was able to go with him and  
the nurse. The patient was very grateful and  
led me to the back gate of the hospital and  
then passed on to the car. I was not merely out for the pleasant  
spring air.

I worked faithfully all that morning  
in an effort to keep this appointment, but I never did get away till 6 P.M.; and  
thus, several times I had to call Reiman  
and delay our meeting. Eventually, I  
even asked Jensen and Miller (who  
by this time were waiting outside)  
into the lab while John Wibach and I  
finished the necessary work — it  
concerned Arnold Hoffman<sup>(V)</sup>, a severely  
ill patient, whom the Heart Station  
had been treating. We only spent a  
half-hour or so at the Widener Build-  
ing (Miller and Reiman were both as  
exhausted as was I after Friday's session,  
during which I agreed to help "settle the  
matter" by permitting a voluntary  
search of my home on Monday  
morning (Pop and Gus would both  
be at work then, and so would not  
be alarmed). But take Sunday,  
"certainly." And again, Jensen drove me  
home and again, grateful as I was for  
the ride, I was aware that the motive  
was not entirely humanitarian.

So I worked Sunday morning and  
early afternoon at the Hospital, and

in doing the thing over to the medi-  
 cal school to see Dr. Ding Cotten and our  
 experimental dog, on whom a gas-  
 tronomy (tying off of the intestine)  
 had been performed. Ding had been  
 sleeping in the lab with the animal  
 for the past two days and would stay  
 with it till its expiration. When would  
 this be? Possibly about 8 tonight, or even  
 much later. I would return at 8. So  
 I collected my specimens and set up  
 containers for the new ones. Back at  
 PGH, I helped "Smelly," the surgeon,  
 locate some data in our lab records.  
 Then out again to the fifth floor of  
 the Widener Building where, from 3  
 till 7 P.M., I cautiously and desperately  
 pursued each of the probing questions,  
 one more hazard — I could not afford  
 to let the name of Tom Black come  
 into the picture; he was too vulnerable.  
 Not a mention of my many loans  
 from friends and from the Corn  
 Exchange Bank. I was literally walking  
 on eggs. But somehow, as it seemed  
 that Miller and Brennan began to  
 droop with defeat, I strangely enough  
 began to feel sorry for them — they  
 had given it such a good try. Yes,  
 I was almost in the clear. However,  
 instead of going directly home and  
 frenziedly cleaning out all of those  
 terribly damaging bits of evidence  
 which I knew were there (though even  
 I had no conception as to the prodigious  
 extent of this bonanza), I went to  
 see Ding Cotten and the dog at the  
 med school. But Dr. Leodore Cotten the



left and I had to leave the house getting  
in; finally a British soldier came  
in looking over a guard. That day I  
looked out and saw the dog  
which alive and, after some further  
cally, I continued to give a message to  
Dr. Lewis at the Woodville Hospital. I got  
home about 9:30 and lay in bed for 10:30.  
"Pity," he said, "you must have to look  
back now; the animal will be here  
tomorrow" — and I knew that Dr.  
Lewis and Betty Hall could take care of  
matters on Monday morning. And I  
did not actually begin the search for  
the accusatory items of evidence until  
5 AM. on Monday. — I became filled with  
any undue activity on my part would  
only alarm Pop and Sue. On top of that,  
I had a dully fatalistic and apathetic  
approach toward the impending search,  
what would be would happen, and  
that was all. Possibly it was the sheer  
and utter exhaustion of that past week  
which had produced this reaction in  
me. But when I started to look, in  
the depressing gray of the early morning,  
I was horrified! Good Lord, there was a  
letter from Slack dated February 1, 1945;  
a stub of a plane ticket from Albuquerque  
to Kansas City; a rough draft of a report  
on a visit to Cambridge; a street map of  
Dayton, Ohio; a card containing in-  
structions from Sam relating to a pro-  
cedure for approaching Ben Smith; all  
this was true and more — I tore it all  
up and flushed it down the toilet (some-  
I should down near the bottom of our  
rubbish can in the cellar). Yes, I had

taken care of everything. Then Dick and I left for work and I stayed there, saying that I had a headache to excuse myself. I went into the Hospital, where I found the doctor and I, still in the pajamas I always wore, went around the hall, looking at the books, but finding nothing. Scott (Miller) and I left.

We started in our room, and the two of us again found that this time all the books were collected in — they could hardly wait to get up stairs. As first all went well, very smoothly indeed. There were a lot of stuff, but it was all in the notes and lab notes and chemical literature references, and only books were all volumes on mathematics and physics and chemistry — plus some two or three hundred "Pocket Book" reports, some poetry and other antiquities, but mostly chemistry notes. Then at 11:00 a.m. I found a copy of Paul de Krom's "Concise Chemistry" in a Pocket Book edition, turned up — and in the dark, slightly damp corner of the inside cover was a tiny tag, "Hibber, Hendray and Curran."

What's this said back?  
Dick didn't know, I replied, "I must have picked it up on a used book counter somewhere. I don't know where they got them. But I did know that was the name of the Rochester department store where I had purchased the book on one of the visits to Black."

Then Scott found a Pennsylvania Railroad train schedule: "Washington - Philadelphia - New York - Boston -

Montreal," and dated 1945. "How about this?"

"Good-bye, Harry," I said, and picked up my briefcase and went to New York to visit Dougherty. — again, the truth was that I had used the schedule on my trip to see Mrs. Heintzmann in late 1945.

Bad, I thought about that, but not too bad. Not conclusive. I was in.

Then came the stunning blow. From in back of my bureau, upon a copy of Walker, Lewis and McAdams "Principles of Chemical Engineering," Dick pulled a sickeningly familiar tan-colored street map of Santa Fe. Oh God. This I had overlooked. I knew that it existed but, in my haste that morning, could not find it, and so had assumed that at some previous time it must have been destroyed.

So you were never west of the Mississippi. How about this, Harry? Dick stood there and Scott excitedly rose from his immersion in the contents of my desk.

"Give me a minute," I said, as I sank down in the chair which Miller had just vacated. I accepted a cigaret and then, after a few moments, during which a torrent of thoughts poured through my mind, said the fatal words: "Yes, I am the man to whom Klaus Fuchs gave the information on Atomic Energy."

Now, to go back a little. Why for this whole week had I fought as I did, fully aware that inescapably — in a month, or six months, or a

year; and that was not a small thing —  
would it be worth it? Why did I  
surrender, only that or did I? The reason  
was two, why, good and bad. I was  
sick, both at the time of the fight, I was  
fighting for Lionel Fisher, I was trying  
to salvage a few more pieces than I  
could carry. And yes, hours in which  
they would still remain in ignorance  
of what I had done. And, on the four  
preceding nights of Sunday, and Satur-  
day and Tuesday, I had stayed at these  
few moments to the full. I can still  
recall Saturday and the good hot  
supper that Gus had ready when I  
came wearily in; and then his going  
out later to get the Sunday Bulletin,  
as was our custom. Then Sunday,  
after 10 P.M., with Pop sitting in his  
usual place near the TV set and I  
stretched exhausted on the sofa — and  
Gus hovering over the set as to bring  
Dave back on air in sharp and clear.  
The battle was not so much fought, for  
in this I gained a victory. Second,  
I wanted time to complete as much  
of the work as possible at the Heart  
Station. This accounted for my working  
every possible minute on Tuesday and  
Wednesday and Saturday, plus the extra  
hours put in on Sunday (and all  
week I came in even earlier than  
usual. Even while Miller and Brinner  
were searching, I excused myself and  
called both Bill at the lab; and later  
that morning, just before we left  
for downtown, I again called and  
said I would definitely not be in



[illegible]

The first of these is the fact that the  
 Government has been unable to secure  
 the necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy of non-interference. This is  
 due to the fact that the Government  
 has been unable to secure the necessary  
 funds to carry out its policy of non-  
 interference. This is due to the fact  
 that the Government has been unable  
 to secure the necessary funds to carry  
 out its policy of non-interference.

...sufficient to cause my arrest? What for them? Denial of guilt. And Pop in a life would rush to my defense, but would surely sacrifice a great deal of my own money, and possibly, my career, as he was, and he would lose his job, making for his position of wealth. Then the friends who would be helping around, Dr. Williams and Dr. Z. and all these and the whole of them should be helped — how horrible would be the derision and destruction which, little-by-little, the terrible irreparable and damaging pieces of evidence would be dug up and presented in court, showing once and for all that I was unmistakably guilty. My decision to admit knowing Fuchs was actually instantaneous — I did not need the full minute I had requested, I spent about half of it in the bitter thought of how I could best break the news to Gus and Pop.

Then I went into voluntary custody. As we rode downtown, I mulled over what seemed to be the one logical course. I would confess fully to having been a Soviet agent for eleven years, but would only disclose the activities where they involved Klaus Fuchs and myself — the others I would cover up. I could not turn rat and squealer. This sounds confused, and it is — as confused as my mind actually was at this time. It should be explained that one of my strongest boyhood beliefs, and one that held the fullest sway throughout the 2600 South block

of Phillips Street (and in all that time I  
thought Phillips Street) was the consequence of  
one man's bad name, having the idea put in  
my mind: "How regular?" "What?" "I can  
accept little money from my doghouse,"  
in the thought of "L.A." only for the  
concept of education and education, which  
-removal of the animal - and which found  
all education in the present system, as the  
persons, there many of them, were  
the neighbors who got it with no  
ability and so had every thing  
members of the Ford Commission pay-  
ment of 1500 dollars (the then prevailing  
fee) to the local politician — and  
thought that any difficulties were far  
better settled among ourselves. The  
speaker who went to them was looked  
upon with the bitterest possible  
venom and hatred; one really had to  
grow up with it did to fully appreciate  
this, and so his idea fastened itself  
upon me; and distorted as this notion  
was, I could never rid myself even in  
later years, of a man turning state's  
evidence to save his own hide  
without experiencing a shudder of re-  
vulsion. Therefore, not J. Edgar Hoover  
was guilty and he was willing to  
accept this punishment — but he  
would not wait nor he. So I went in  
to the Widener Building, and the most  
familiar fifth floor, and there I told  
the full story of my relationship with  
Klaus Fuchs in great detail (even  
this took four or five hours), but I  
covered up black and white and  
Brothermen and the story of Emily —

the David Wilson glass incident I had actually completely forgotten about.

Then that evening I came in near me. I was permitted to come home after 5 P.M. and he asked, "Well, what are you leaving now?" (He was that demanding).

"Yes," I said, "I'm down at the FBI. Had questions, and I'm in a little trouble. Don't tell Pop, but a car will pick you up at 7 P.M. and bring you home. We'll talk then." Then at 7 P.M. I told my father "Yes, it was I who worked with Klaus Fuchs, the English spy, when he was in America." And for Gold's face went blank white, even through his normally dark complexion, both Dick Brennan and Bob Jensen moved toward him because they thought he was going to collapse.

Then his sister said, "How could you have been such a jerk!" and a bit later, still hopeful, "Look, Harry, maybe it's all a mistake and you're taking the blame for someone else — you couldn't possibly have done this, not you, you're my brother." But I had to assure him that I had done it, beyond all shadow of doubt and as I looked at that awfully determined, and still not fully comprehending, face of my brother, a good half of that mountainous mental barrier, that I had erected against squealing, was cracking down. So later that evening I identified Simonov and, tentatively, Yakovlev (the photo was so poor, having been taken in



the shadow of a mustard seed, should not be not fully defined).

On the following morning, at about 23, Pop was brought to the military hospital had called a doctor and the doctor told Pop that something was wrong about my absence — and had suggested to listen to any further news. I heard Pop coming down the hall, then came and a nurse told me a very nice nurse told me I needed to go. I said, "I had had a challenge, told him, Pop said, "my son, who had gone down. Then he added, both of a fully and not fully, "This won't affect your job at the New Station, will it?" Down went another section of the mountain. That night, as I was getting ready to discuss my recent contacts with the unknown Soviet agent whom I saw in September and October of 1949, there came the order for my arrest. And in the confusion, turmoil, and then the hearing before Judge Mead, on 11 P.M., all of this good intent was swept away; I could think of only two things in my family first, and then that slandering and horribly wrong statement in the complaint, "with intent to harm and injure the United States" — no, not this! It was not so, not true. Then, in the sitting room — one of my mind, not only was the complaint all thought of my standing in with the Russian and all my people's approval. But as the morning came, I wiped all feeling of guilt about the

earlier lies I had told, and the fact that I had performed during the past two days, as possible, I am being too much, for it should be noted that now I had disabbed of an established gain in my chance, and I had hidden and, when while endeavoring to cover up, I arranged for and myself immediately revealing more and more of the true facts. Yes, as I was committed to my commissioning Prison that night I thought, as the dark night, I struggled to spell "espionage?" — it is a word strange to them, but also an act he would never do. Why had I? Then I was transferred to Holmesburg the next day; later, on Thursday, Gus told me they would mortgage the home and would use all of their savings to obtain legal aid for me, and my course became clear (it was on that day too that I voluntarily resumed my talks with the F.B.I.; as a matter of fact I had sent word to them on Wednesday). I had done enough harm to my family; I could not complete the job by taking away the precious home, which mom had so enjoyed and which was still so dear to Pop and Gus. So I asked to see federal me.

And I told the judge that because of my family's earnest desire that I have legal representation, I must insist to request counsel, but my own resources were few — 165 dollars in P.S.F.S. plus a few hundred dollars in war bonds; and a dubious 400.0 dollars owed me by Brothman, which

there was not much chance of collecting — and I most firmly did not wish to use my family's savings. For, I added that I must stipulate three conditions regarding an attorney:

1. The man appointed must promise me to tell the whole story to the F.B.I.
2. He must be a man of respectable patriotic and without the slightest taint of pink or left-wing sympathies. And there must be no circus or show made at the trial.
3. He must agree to let me plead guilty, because I was. Whatever basis there was to mitigate the severity of my punishment, should be handled on strictly legal grounds — there must be no effort at trickery or evasion. And as for me, and leaned forward to look into Judge McManis's face, I knew then and there (and as I had known all along) that in a very short time I would tell all. That was indisputable.

In this manner, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Ballard accepted the Judge's offer to become attorneys for Harry Gold. Again, as I spoke to them for the first time on the following day (in the Judge's chamber), down went more of what remained of my mental mountain; and in that very room I told Scott Miller of Black and Ringlass and Black. I had even prepared the ground regarding all:

(44)

earlier lies I had told and the concern I had performed during the past two days. It is possible I am doing too much, for it should be noted that what I had disclosed far outweighed, in importance, what I had hidden and, even while endeavoring to cover up, I amazingly found myself irresistibly revealing more and more of the true facts. Yes, as I was committed to incriminating Marion that night I thought, as the disk began to turn, to call "espionage" — it is a word strange to him, but also an act he would never do. Why had I? Then I was transferred to Holmesburg the next day; later, on Thursday, Gus told me they would mortgage the home and would use all of their savings to obtain legal aid for me, and my counsel became clear (it was on that day too that I voluntarily resumed my talks with the F.B.I.; as a matter of fact I had sent word to them on Wednesday). I had done enough harm to my family. I could not complete the job by taking away the precious home, which mom had so enjoyed and which was still so dear to Pop and Gus. So I asked to see Judge McManamy.

And I told the Judge that because of my family's earnest desire that I have legal representation, I now wished to request counsel, but my own resources were few — 165 dollars in PSES plus a few hundred dollars in war bonds; and a dubious 4000 dollars owed me by Brothman, which



there was not much chance of conviction — and I must finally did my best to tell my family & friends. I added that I must stipulate the conditions regarding an attorney.

1- The man appointed must promise to tell the whole story to the FBI.

2- He must be a man of honorable patriotism and without the slightest taint of pink or left-wing sympathies. And that was the one condition that made a difference.

3- He must agree to let me plead guilty. He must agree to let me have the right to investigate the severity of my punishment, which should be handled on strictly legal grounds — there must be no effort at trickery by the government and as for me, and I signed for a cord to let me, Judge, my attorney, and then there and there (and as I had known all along) that in a very short time I would tell all the truth and nothing but the truth.

In this manner, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Ballard accepted the Judge's offer to become attorneys for me. I told, again, and I went to them for the first time on the following day (in the Judge's chambers), down with more of what remained of my mental equipment, and in that very room I told the whole truth of black and redinglass and black. I had prepared the ground regarding all.

...told and ...  
...during the past two days  
...to ...  
...had hidden and, even  
...to cover up, I  
...myself inevitably  
...of the true  
...I was committed to  
...that night I  
...struggled  
...— it is a word  
...but also an act. He  
...I. ...  
...the  
...Thursday, ...  
...the home  
...of their ...  
...and ...  
...  
...the F.B.I. ...  
...on Wednesday)  
...to my family  
...  
...which ...  
...asked to  
...  
...the ...  
...that  
...  
...  
...  
...\$15 dollar  
...a few hundred dollars  
...and a dubious \$1000  
...and by ...



that I got a sample of the physical  
description of him and had placed  
them under the picture - I suppose  
- all that was needed was to  
his name - I had asked him  
twice, but he had an allergy, in  
the first Sunday in June of 1945:  
one of the following minutes in the  
morning and then four minutes  
in the afternoon - as he had said  
that he would come here after my  
arrival - all memory of this incident  
had fled from me (probably this  
was because I had been so  
frequently - and with intent - to me  
had - told me that the information  
received was of no value). And I  
forgot the man's name completely  
until I had remembered in one of the  
fact of my life, in a discussion  
that he was a H.I. and a man  
that this had been a few months  
ago, in April, joined him, and I  
one of the apartment in all of the  
the fact that he was either a medium  
an electrician, or a physical therapist  
at Los Alamitos - in order of proba-  
bility, that he had a small island  
and a pump which he had sent to  
him from New York during which  
the 500 dollars I had given him (but  
was discovered later that the money  
after my visit, I had deposited the  
dollars of this sum in an all-glass  
bank). The appearance of the house  
in which was his temporary apartment  
plus a description of the altar, plus  
an accurate physical delineation of





half, or 60% of the money would be  
mine, I suppose. The real concern was the fact  
that, in my effort to protect it, I  
had placed a poster about (somehow  
some fellow ship was for the money)  
in the wrong of this - I thought of it,  
even though I had described them with  
the greatest accuracy, so completely  
that a lot of investigation of them (for  
one, Joseph Katz) had been made,  
and resulted in others than myself.  
The final thing concerning the conceal-  
ment of the fact that there had been  
two subsequent meetings with the  
Soviet agent in New York in the Fall  
of 1949 (this in addition to the one at  
my home); plus the fact that I had  
kept two of the meetings we had re-  
gularly scheduled for Jackson Heights  
in New York (even though both were  
fruitless - no one came); I went to  
the first when I became worried over  
what the Russians knew, which had  
made him think that I might have to  
leave this country; the second occurred  
because it was unfortunately scheduled  
for the very Sunday following the  
arrest of Fuchs (on a Friday) - I went  
there in utter panic, to ascertain  
what had occurred. It was at this  
second rendezvous that I was con-  
tained by a man<sup>(N)</sup> whom I was  
later to recognize, from his minor  
paper photograph, as Julius Rosenberg.  
This, the detailed revelation of these  
facts, was all so incredibly stupid  
that even all relatively minor points  
and I had made far more wounding



I have been a member of the  
 National Rifle Association since  
 my father's death. I have  
 been a member of the  
 of both and have been  
 phasing out the old and  
 modern equipment. I have  
 always been a member of the  
 National Rifle Association and  
 that there are no other  
 as partial experience in some of  
 with my trip to see Fuchs) and  
 decided voluntarily.

5. All of the maps, facts and relations were made within two or three weeks of migration (this has been noted before) and, in the overall picture, is matters little whether I received part of my salary from the very beginning, in 1935, or only from 1934.

[illegible]

7. It is my belief that, although so much has been accomplished and correct and sound decisions have been made, it is to be desired that the capacity throughout the mental hygiene field be increased.

8. Finally, it must be borne in mind that after the period of the



first two or three months of coming  
to a general meeting and then  
during which all of the principal  
facts were detailed, the speaker  
or so, were interested in the  
chiefly with opening the eyes  
and in the most important  
manner, the terrific question  
material found in the fact of  
material itself. And this was  
talk right in the middle of  
much about the few elements of  
unhappiness.

But now the speaker has been  
treated, treated, treated, and now he  
thinks of one of the most important  
all, saying that one of the most important  
giving, and I am calm and happy  
as at peace for the first time in my  
life and I am glad to say that I am  
quite well now, for my blood pressure  
which had steadily increased from  
190/110, in 1910, to 205/125, is now an amazing  
140/80, and this is not  
characteristic of tonight's blood pressure,  
several times in the past, I had dropped  
as much as 60 or 65 pounds with  
no perceptible change whatever in  
the diastolic or systolic readings. Now  
is this the result of regular exercise  
for at least ten years, I had spent  
three months in which I had  
not worked and had just layed  
around the house, and my strength  
decreased from hypertension to normal  
eyes a fact of medical record.

Now, only one more thing to say —



the future. I do not think I can do any better than this. I am a person of optimism, and I think I cannot think of myself as a ruined man. This all could be made well: as easily as I think it is a good idea. I will give our doctors, and I believe that we will in the future be able to make for a great cure. I have done this, and this action shall not be considered as informing and giving evidence to the FBI. — all that has been done and is now a part of the past — but in obtaining an opportunity to work again in the field of medical research, to work and as completely advanced (significant ones) so that the sick and ailing of this world may again have hope and be enabled to lead normal, healthy lives. I am indulging in an emotional outburst, and that is a great pleasure in which to order one's thoughts and to think clearly and logically. Therefore, from now on, all of my mind and efforts shall be devoted toward the goal just described, and until I am ordered, I shall work as hard as I can. I am not public recognition that I desire, but only the chance to put my head and hands and ability to the service of the desperately ill. Finally, the Lord will grant me this boon.

I fully realize that by my great crimes I have forfeited, for the time being, all of the rights normally given to free men. I know this all too well, and in more than this, there is the

an account of the fact that life  
anything else can be said to  
ruined, and perhaps still, for the  
terribly frightening thing that has  
been done. I am ready to accept this  
penalty. The whole thing is a  
crumbling, appalling display, a  
plead for mercy. I that I am  
and I am now prepared to pay the price  
of this. I have been an active person  
explain why I acted as I did.

The document is a true and  
personal one and every effort has been  
made to make it a completely honest  
one. In the course of the investigation  
statements may have been made which  
have affected the integrity of the  
reader, I wish to assure you that  
that this was not my intention.

As indicated as the report, and  
by no means as accurate as has been  
wished, a number of matters have not  
been touched upon. Due to the lack of  
time and for the matter of a great  
many things as might be expected  
in order to set down the complete  
but additional details. The second  
the first is a collateral phase, the an-  
dation and concerning my early life  
and covers the years from 1904 (the date  
of my arrival in the United States)  
(when I graduated from high school)  
— this has already been submitted to  
the officers of the United States Probation  
Board, the second has to do with the  
complete details of the evidence and is  
essential, not only because of the nature  
of the case but because it

seems to undeniably destroy the  
authenticity and the sincerity of my  
crime — it has, of course, been  
used as the most independent testimony  
to the F.B.I. and, in a sense, it is  
incontestable, to my counsel, but  
it also has been used again, in a  
more coherent and chronological form  
than the circumstances originally present  
is a most questionable and one that I have  
not the right to decide. Should it be  
destroyed, however, and one of the  
histories will be put on paper.

### Notes

p. 30 There should be added to this lack of dis-  
cipline fact the point that, though I have  
always believed in God, I did not deem  
it necessary that I go to synagogue reg-  
ularly. (I have not been there in fifteen  
years, that is not till I arrived at Home-  
burg). In other words, I took it upon my-  
self to make such a decision, even  
while realizing that it was against all  
the rules of normal human behavior. For  
a truly religious man, one who went  
steadily to church, or who underwent  
any form of a confession of act (be it  
to a cleric or just a direct explanation to  
God) could never have done what I did.

p. 46 Nothing has caused me as much anguish as  
this: my method of repaying these kind-  
nesses — as by committing a crime of  
crime — this is one of the most loathsome  
of all thoughts, the blame of the  
people at the time.

p.58 Possibly there were more to the situation in  
posed by Paul (at our very first meeting) the  
admonition that I was not to be a  
worker for any other Communist Party. There,  
a reason beyond the obvious one of  
precautionary measure taken so that  
might never be identified as a Communist  
situation with the Party, and the agent  
who succeeded them, realizing that I was  
being repeated and discredited by the  
discovery of this secret disclosure as to the  
loyalty of the agent of the Party.  
agents with suspicion of agents. This was  
fied by the fact that they would be  
individual Americans, Communists, and  
would ridicule the Party in general  
when, on most occasions, such matters  
were discussed.

p.74 After our initial date (to see "Allegro"), Mary  
remarked that it was the first time she  
had been out with a boy in almost two  
years. Then she added, "I thought I was  
supposed to say that." But this expression  
honesty is placing rather an awkward one

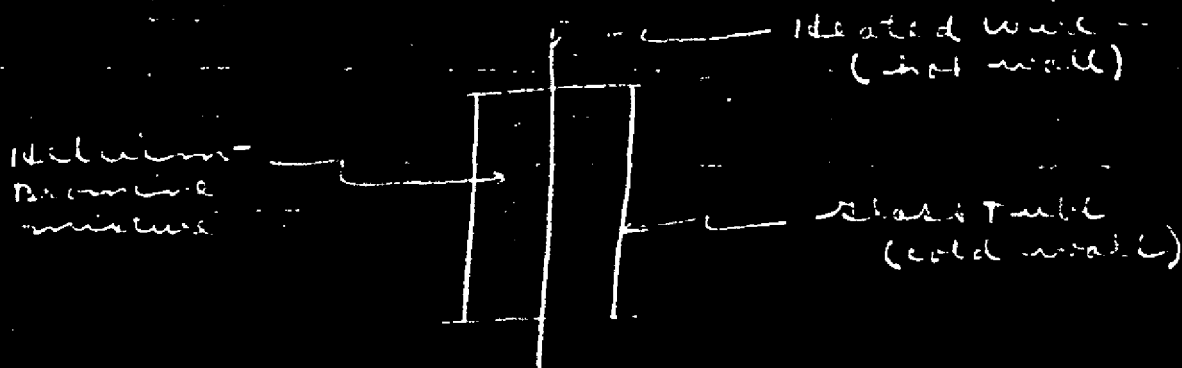
p.75 The question of our different religious matters  
entered into Mary's report of me. We  
were both certain that this could be  
worked out.

p.80 To anyone who has never understood the  
experience, I can assure that this part of  
of questions is no place in the world —  
especially, not to one agent who is trying to  
pages of a book, a list of the lines, and the  
other is placed to a book, and the  
obvious change of the expression



p 81. Particularly common and frequent with  
 millions of frequent hearing of the name -  
 obviously to their surprise and delight. The day  
 making phone calls to New York.

p 82. Of all the affairs that Miller and Robinson  
 were investigating, the one which was  
 totally innocent, and yet the one which  
 made them all the more certain that I was  
 involved in espionage on atomic energy,  
 was that of "thermal diffusion." This is a  
 physical phenomenon which was discovered  
 in the years from 1907 to 1911 by two  
 men: Sydney Chapman, a British mathe-  
 matical physicist, and David Enskog, a  
 Swede. Chapman, in analyzing the classi-  
 cal kinetic theory of gases, proved that one  
 factor had been omitted, thermal diffusion.  
 By this process, when a mixture of two gases  
 is subjected to a temperature difference, a  
 separation will take place (regardless of  
 the molecular weights involved); thus, if  
 a mixture of Helium and Bromine are  
 placed in a glass tube with a hole at  
 one end, as shown:



in a matter of seconds two layers would  
 appear: one, the dark one Bromine (at the  
 bottom), and the other, the colorless Helium  
 (at the top). Chapman derived his theory

from purely scientific interest and then passed on the data. I did the work. During this period demonstrated by about 1960, in liquids, by the Fickian and non-Fickian behavior, not intended as an accurate description of the small diffusion coefficient that the data has shown for a long time. I demonstrated an unusual diffusion in 1933, while working with a mixture on the separation of carbon dioxide from the gas (as a waste product), and did a considerable amount of work on this and other applications after I was laid off at Penn State in 1940. I was a lecturer on the subject in the Department of Chemistry at the University of Illinois. Nothing else came of it. But in about 1945 the gigantic Hanford, Washington, development of the Manhattan Project was constructed to separate the isotopes of Uranium — and the process used there was thermal diffusion (a little known among chemists and physicists, although a monumental discovery in physical chemistry, given at least a paragraph). Care should be taken to distinguish this phenomenon from gaseous diffusion. The paper used at Oak Ridge, which I myself was involved in the diffusion of mixtures of slightly different molecules through a barrier. This work had been going on only did the FBI to tell me that I had illegally obtained data on thermal diffusion. Nothing could have been more mistaken — Fick's law was worked on, I had simply worked on thermal diffusion; and although, it

